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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAWS.

Thoughts on Secondary Punishments, in a Letter to Earl Grey. To which are appended Two Articles on Transportation to New South Wales, and on Secondary Punishments; and some Observations on Colonisation. By R. Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. 8vo. pp. 204. London, 1832. Fellowes.

THIS is an important view of a very important subject; one deeply affecting the moral condition of the people of this realm, and the happiness and prosperity of the realm itself. It is, indeed, most astonishing to look at the systems of jurisprudence which have prevailed,—at the system of coercion and punishment which now exists; and to observe how small a modicum of common sense has ever been allowed to enter into their fabric. Except the administration of our civil laws, (the heaviest evil that ever weighed down a country,—made the rich poor, and of the poor grinded the faces to the earth,) there could not be exhibited a grosser composition of folly and cruelty than the criminal code of England. In both, the feudal deformities of their origin have been fondly preserved and cherished; and the worst principles of the darkest ages have been patched by mis-called improvements, which only made them worse than the worst—till our statutes, our precedents, our practice, our entire legislation, have become one vast mass of confusion, uncertainty, and absurdity, and the nation is Law-ridden to an extent of oppression which, when we boast of being civilised and enlightened, ought to fill us with shame and contrition.

The anomalies perpetuated, and the enormities committed, under the forms of law, would disgrace a tribe of ignorant barbarians in Central Africa. There is no rank or class of the community exempt from their ruinous influence. The peer and the landlord are in the chains of the agent and attorney; the merchant and manufacturer, the farmer, the shopkeeper, the respectable artisan,—all the middle and valuable portion of the state, are more or less enclosed within the same sweeping net;—if fortunate, taxed in a hundred odious shapes; and if unfortunate, crushed into utter misery by the tyranny of the laws and the insatiable extortions of its ministers—from the full-fee'd counsel and sinecure official, to the lowest harpy of the multitude who prey upon their fellow-creatures. Nor do the still lower orders escape. Where there is one drop of blood to be extracted from wasted nature, there will the vampire suck; where there is one coin to be squeezed from penury and wretchedness, there will the legal vampire be found inflicting the last pang upon exhausted industry. One's very flesh crawls at the thoughts of the inhumanity thus in the most extensive and perpetual operation; founded on bad passions,—and instead of affording protection to society, levying a fund, of prodigious amount, for the luxurious support of a single unproductive class, upon the wants and the distresses of the whole. Cast a glance at

our prisons, or live in the busy world, or inquire into objects of charity, and it is really dreadful to ascertain how much of suffering is endured in the name of law; from the miserable captive for a debt of forty shillings, to the struggling citizen, who, in spite of every honest endeavour, which would otherwise save and restore him to usefulness and comfort, is being plunged into the same abyss, bankrupt and broken-hearted.* When we know that no day passes without its hundreds of cases of this description; that no lawyer lives but at the expense of this widespread devastation,—every individual instance carrying loss and wreck into the sphere or circle with which it is connected; that the laws sanction, encourage, and afford means for perpetrating these outrages, at war with human feelings and in defiance of professed Christianity; we are tempted to believe that a pure despotism, or a state of savage independence, would be far more consistent with the enjoyment of our species, in any region of the habitable earth. Happy would it be for Great Britain were all her reforms and improvements postponed to a simplification of her legal system in every branch; so that it might be made a blessing, instead of the most grievous burden and curse to her oppressed population.

The Archbishop of Dublin directs his observations chiefly to the administration of criminal justice, and the penalties awarded to offences which are not capital. His Grace's views are clear and judicious. He points out several of the imperfections and absurdities which disfigure our mode of proceeding, and suggests the trial of other courses, where the present so obviously fail. It is demonstrated that transportation is a very inefficient punishment, and liable to insuperable objections. It is most costly to the government: when it is substituted for the sentence of death, the escape from the greater evil renders it, comparatively, a source of gratulation to the guilty; distance brightens its terrors into hopes; and thus it neither acts in deterring from crime in the individual, nor as a warning to others. The hulks do not doom a convict to greater hardship than is experienced by every honest labourer in the kingdom; and he is better fed than most of them. Instead of these, a severe penitentiary system is recommended, on an equal scale throughout the country. Various plans might be tried, and that which worked the best be finally adopted; but the principal ingredients in all ought to be much of solitude, (not long-protracted solitary confinement,) and plenty of employment. No idleness, no talkative intercommunication; but moral and religious instruction, and some ultimate interest in the produce of their own diligence and good conduct. "It is from the

* The number of persons lately committed to White Cross Street Prison by process from the Court of Requests, has been unusually large. By a return just made, it appears that ninety-three persons were brought to prison from the 1st to the 17th of August, the total of whose debts and costs amounted to 168*l.*—averaging about thirty-six shillings each; and out of 400 prisoners remaining in this dismal place of confinement, more than seventy were locked up for debts under forty shillings. Should any of these die of cholera, who would be their murderers?

United States that the most extensive experience on this subject is to be derived; where a system has been adopted which combines solitary confinement at night, hard labour by day, the strict observance of silence, and attention to moral and religious improvement. These plans are enforced with great success at the prisons at Auburn and Sing-Sing, in the State of New York, and at Weathersfield, in the state of Connecticut. At sunrise the convicts proceed in regular order to the several workshops, where they remain under vigilant superintendence until the hour of breakfast, when they repair to the common hall. When at their meals the prisoners are seated at tables in single rows, with their backs towards the centre, so that there can be no interchange of signs. From one end of the workrooms to the other, upwards of 500 convicts may be seen without a single individual being observed to turn his head towards a visitor. Not a whisper is heard throughout the apartments. At the close of day, labour is suspended, and the prisoners return in military order to their solitary cells; there they have the opportunity of reading the Scriptures, and of reflecting in silence on their past lives. The chaplain occasionally visits the cells, instructing the ignorant, and administering the reproofs and consolations of religion. The influence of these visits is described to be most beneficial; and the effect of the entire discipline is decidedly successful in the prevention of crime, both by the dread which the imprisonment inspires, as well as by the reformation of the offender. Inquiries have been instituted relative to the conduct of prisoners released from the Auburn penitentiary—the prison at which this system has been longest observed—and of 206 discharged, who have been watched over for the space of three years, 146 have been reclaimed and maintained reputable characters in society."

As far as our judgment enables us to go, we entirely agree with the author in his opinions upon these matters; but we would still more emphatically wish to enforce the expediency of giving prisoners a decided personal contingent interest in the proceeds of their labour. We would make both their immediate treatment, to a certain degree, and their future prospects, depend upon the habits of industry which they practised while undergoing the sentence to which their misdeeds had exposed them. They should see that if dissoluteness and vice brought them to detection and punishment, so should diligence and repentance fit them the sooner for restoration to society, and that best kind of restoration which was accompanied by a portion of what they had earned, to preserve them from temptation in entering upon their new course of life, and strengthening them against a relapse into crime. A slave in the West Indies is enabled to accumulate a sum by his toil at extra hours, wherewith to purchase his freedom; why should not the European, who has been the slave of sin, but affords fair testimony that he will turn from the evil of his ways, be in like manner encouraged in his laudable resolution,

by having a participation in the fruits of his amended character held out to his future hopes?*

This would seem like wisdom; not the wisdom which consists in a silly desire to make gaols as snug and agreeable as well-arranged domestic residences. "Of the errors (says our author) which I have said we ought, in all cases, watchfully to guard against, there is none into which zealous philanthropists are more likely to fall, than that of studying too much the comfort of those sentenced to imprisonment for their offences. When, indeed, a man is committed to prison for trial, every comfort and indulgence, consistent with his safe custody, ought to be allowed him. But when imprisonment is the allotted punishment to a criminal, it is plain that it ought to be a punishment. It might seem, in the abstract, mere trifling to insist on this; but it is found, in practice, that several circumstances tend to keep it out of sight. First, the plea of humanity is so specious, as often to be insincerely resorted to by popular declaimers, for the sake of recommending themselves to the unthinking multitude; secondly, the feelings of real humanity will often blind the understanding, and bias the judgment, of the unreflecting; and thirdly, ignorance of the habits and modes of life of the labouring classes, is liable to deceive one who is inexperienced as to what their comforts and discomfords consist in. Humanity in punishment, *i. e.* care to avoid the infliction of any useless suffering, is one of the points which I have mentioned as claiming our attention:

* The Archbishop's plan is, "That of requiring, of such criminals as are sentenced to hard labour, a certain amount of work; compelling them, indeed, to a certain moderate quantity of daily labour, but permitting them to exceed this as much as they please; and thus to shorten the term of their imprisonment, by accomplishing the total amount of their task in a less time than that to which they had been sentenced. I would also allow them, for a certain portion of the work done, a payment in money,—not to be expended during their continuance in prison, but to be paid over to them at their discharge; so that they should never be turned loose into the world entirely destitute. My object in this would be, to superadd to the habit of labour, which it is the object of most penitentiaries to create, an association not merely of the ideas of disgrace and coercion with crime, but also of freedom and independence with that of labour. It seems to me perfectly reasonable, that those whose misconduct compels us to send them to a house of correction, should not be again let loose on society till they shall have given some indication of amended character. Instead of being sentenced, therefore, to confinement for a certain fixed time, they should be sentenced to earn, at a certain specified employment, such a sum of money as may be judged sufficient to preserve them, on their release, from the pressure of immediate distress: and orderly, decent, submissive behaviour, during the time of their being thus employed, should be enforced, under the penalty (besides others, if found necessary,) of a proportionate deduction from their wages, and consequent prolongation of their confinement. It may be said that all these regulations would require much integrity, vigilance, and discretion in the superintendents of such an establishment. This is true; but, after all, how can such a requisition be avoided? How much is left, and must necessarily be left, to the discretion (or indiscretion) of those who have the management of convicts! And when we do not select to fill the office, persons whose activity, uprightness, and good sense, can be relied on, what mischievous consequences unavoidably ensue! In respect of the kind of labour in which it may be thought advisable that convicts should be employed, I would suggest, that though it is in itself very desirable that it should be profitable enough to go some considerable way in defraying the expense of their maintenance, this is by no means a point of so much importance as many others, to which accordingly we should be always ready to sacrifice it. The best-conducted of the American penitentiaries are said to defray fully all their own expenses from the proceeds of the prisoners' labour. This, I conceive, cannot be expected in any country which does not combine, to such an extraordinary degree as America, the advantages of a very high value of labour and cheapness of provisions. But even if this, or something nearly approaching to it, could be attained, I should still say that it is an object of far less consequence than the moral improvement of the offenders, or, still more, the prevention of crime by the apprehension of punishment. That a penalty should be formidable, is, as I have said, decidedly the first point to be looked to; that it should be corrective, is another point of great, though far inferior, consequence; that it should be economical, is (though by no means insignificant) a matter of only a third-rate importance."

but though no one can have, strictly speaking, too much humanity, it is very possible to be led by an injudicious and misdirected humanity. Neither compassion, we should remember, nor any other feeling of our nature, is, in itself, either virtuous or vicious, but only so far as it is or is not under the control of sound principle, and under the guidance of right reason. But the word 'humanity,' being applied loosely and indiscriminately to the feeling, and to the virtue, leads, in many cases, to such conduct as is absurd and pernicious. Those who act from feeling, and not from principle, are usually led to shew more tenderness towards the offending than the unoffending: *i. e.* towards the culprit, who is present, and the object of their senses, and whose sufferings or apprehensions they actually witness, than the absent, unknown, and undefined members of the community, whose persons or property have been endangered by him. We feel for an individual, especially if before our eyes, even though guilty: for the public no one has, or can have, any feeling. Public spirit, therefore, implies a benevolent habit; and that combined with something of reflective abstraction. No doubt, every kind and degree of suffering which has no tendency either to deter offenders, or to reclaim them, or which exceeds the benefit thus produced, is so much pure evil, which we should sedulously guard against. But the infliction of such punishments as are indispensably necessary to repress crime, is the truest humanity. In fact, if it were our business merely to make punishments as little disagreeable as we can, and to study the comfort of those sentenced to imprisonment,—if it were this, and only this that humanity requires of us, it would be a much shorter and easier plan to pull down the prisons at once, and abolish our criminal laws altogether.**

False humanity, like religious cant, is indeed the greatest foe to the real welfare of body and soul. The spurious not only does evil itself, but it causes the true to be suspected, and weakens its beneficial influence. Besides the injurious effects which the Archbishop has so plainly and ably pointed out in the management and discipline of prisons, this morbid sentiment has, perhaps, a still more generally baneful operation when it prompts to error in legislating. It is here that the pseudo-philanthropist does the greatest mischief, with his sensibilities for guilt, and his compassion for crime. It is here that we find him in his element of lamentation, denouncing the cell and the scourge as unjustifiable tortures; privation as a cruel inroad upon individual right; the treadmill as a tyranny; and the gallows as a murder. He, forsooth, would frame the laws upon a higher principle than brute force and ignominious correction. He would legislate for the moral feelings of men,—not as if they were ignorant, and vicious, and wicked; but as if they were enlightened, and well-principled, and virtuous! His laws would be for good men, instead of bad; and if mankind were what he chooses to consider them, he seems to forget that there would be no occasion for his penal enactments at all. What so justly says Archbishop Whately:

"In fact, although no one considers the

* We observe that a writer in the *Morning Herald* charges the author with being an advocate for the gibbet; but we are sure that independent and respectable journal (with whose opinions, where humanity is interested, we almost always agree very cordially) would not say so, had it bestowed due consideration on this volume. To us it appears to support altogether opposite sentiments, and to recommend courses which would tend more to bring the gallows into disuse than any other method of legislation whatsoever.

brute animals as moral agents, every one is well aware that it is possible to operate on them through the fear of punishment. It is not reckoned a useless cruelty, or an absurdity, to attempt to teach a dog, by beating, to abstain from worrying sheep. Any one, therefore, who, well knowing that irrational animals can be trained, by fear of punishment, to check their impulses, yet would proclaim impunity to any man who may be, partially or wholly, reduced to the state of an irrational animal,—such a one plainly shews that he is allowing his views to be influenced by irrelevant considerations. But in respect of the punishment, not only of the supposed insane, and of juvenile delinquents, but of offenders generally, there is afloat in the world much false (not a little of it, I suspect, affected) tenderness. Merely excessive and misplaced compassion is, indeed, an error as much to be respected as any error can be; but when compassion is withheld from the deserving, and bestowed only on the undeserving, the error is as odious as it is practically noxious. It seems to me one of the worst and most barbarian features of the character of a great part of the nation, that, by the multitude at least, very little sympathy, comparatively, is felt, except for the guilty. The sufferings inflicted by the hand of justice ought, indeed, not to be excessive—that is, beyond what the object calls for; and they are, at all events, to be deplored, since suffering is in itself an evil: but that these should be alone or chiefly pitied, by those who are comparatively callous to the sufferings from lawless outrage, or apprehended outrage, denotes a most disgraceful and a most dangerous state of the public mind. It is said that in Corsica, and in several of the Italian states, while it is hardly possible, by the offer of any amount of pay, to induce a native to accept the office of public executioner, nothing is more easy than to hire, at a moderate price, men who will be ready, at their employer's bidding, to assassinate any one he may point out. I hardly know how far we are in a condition to exult in our own superior state of society, when I recollect the strong sympathy that was manifested, or feigned, for the incendiaries and rioters in various parts of the country, and particularly at Bristol—the exertions that were made to save them from punishment—the commiseration expressed for any of them that suffered it—and the indignation and contempt lavished on soldiers, officers of justice, and all who were concerned in suppressing violations of the law—contrasted with the indifference manifested to the suffering of those who were threatened, harassed, plundered, burnt out of their houses, deprived of their subsistence, and sometimes of their lives; and who had, in most instances, every possible claim to the sympathy of their countrymen, except the one, as it seems, most essential claim, of being criminals. And yet I am persuaded that the losses and injuries actually inflicted in these outrages, great as they were—and much the greater, doubtless, on account of the encouragement which public sympathy afforded to the perpetrators—all these, I conceive, constitute but a small fraction of the real evil. "He who does an injury to one," says the Latin proverb, "threatens it to many." The sense of insecurity produced by every crime that is committed, is by far its worst result; because uneasiness or distress of mind, from perpetual apprehension, though a less evil in each single

* "Multis minatur qui uni facit injuriam."

case than the actual occurrence of what is dreaded, is an evil which extends to many thousand times more. But for this, even the crime of murder would be but a comparatively insignificant evil; for there is hardly any country in which the whole number of persons murdered annually constitutes more than a very trifling portion of the total number of deaths. But the apprehension of being murdered—the feeling that one is in continual peril from the hand of the assassin—is one of the most intolerable evils that man can be exposed to. Any one who will but sufficiently reflect on the sleepless and anxious nights, the harassing anxiety, the distressing alarms, the restless and troublesome precautions—in short, all the evils implied in a feeling of insecurity, which are inflicted on thousands for every crime actually perpetrated—will be convinced that that person is more truly and properly *compassionate* (to waive all other considerations), who sets himself to devise means for the protection of the unoffending, than he whose kindly feelings are bestowed chiefly on the violators of the law. And yet the former must prepare himself to expect from the unthinking (who are, in most places, the majority) to be censured as hard-hearted. In pleading the cause of the innocent, in opposition to the guilty—in urging the claims to protection of the peaceable and inoffensive citizen, against the lawless plunderer or incendiary—and in wishing that honest men may be relieved from the misery of perpetual terror, by transferring that terror to the evil-doer, I am sensible that I expose myself (such is the strangely perverted state of many men's feelings) to the charge of inhumanity. To effect this object,—to prevent crime, as far as can be done, by denunciation of punishment,—the most effectual method, if we will listen either to reason or to experience, we cannot doubt must be, not to trust to the severity of the punishments which are *threatened* merely, and seldom inflicted; but to establish as close a connexion as we are able between the ideas of crime and punishment. We cannot, indeed, make sure of punishing every offender: if we could, we might hope, that, with a very moderate degree of severity, there would soon be no more to punish: but it should be our object to approach as near to this point as we can;—to let as few as possible escape with impunity; and especially to check, by timely chastisement, the young and the unpractised delinquents, at their first entrance on a course of crime."

On the subject of the mistaken indulgence so often shewn to first offences, we also most cordially concur with the author, who puts it in its true light when he says—

"That a scale of punishment, indeed, rising in severity on each repetition of an offence, should (not at the discretion of the magistrates, but by the laws) be provided, is reasonable and desirable; but that absolute impunity, or such a mitigation of punishment as nearly amounts to this, should be held out to 'first offences,' tends, I am convinced, very greatly to increase the number of second and third offences, and the amount of punishments we are ultimately obliged to inflict. In fact, next to the abolition of all penal law, I can hardly conceive any system better calculated to train boys and men gradually to crime. Every one, it should be remembered, hopes, when he violates the laws, to escape conviction; if, in addition to this, we back the temptations to crime by a prospect of impunity on the first conviction, we have every reason to expect that, by the time this

first conviction has taken place, he will have become too much hardened in iniquity to be subsequently affected by the fear of punishment, except in using all the artifice and caution his experience will have taught him, in contriving to escape detection. For this, also, should be kept in mind, that the plea of a 'first offence' is generally urged and admitted without any ground. It is urged on the occasion of a first conviction; which, we may be assured, by no means implies a first offence. The mischief would be immensely diminished, if the plea were then only admitted when the culprit was able to prove a negative, and to establish satisfactorily that he really never had offended before. But, even in that case, I should appeal to the proverb, '*C'est le premier pas qui coûte.*' A man is much more easily deterred by fear of punishment, or by any other motive, from the first offence, than from any subsequent one: and, next to this, his best chance is, to have the association established in his mind between crime and suffering, by his having been so fortunate as to have been convicted and punished for his very first transgression. It is said that those who train young dogs to attack foxes, badgers, and other such vermin, are anxious that they should not be severely bitten in their earliest attempts, which might have the effect of daunting their spirit for ever: they accordingly muzzle or otherwise disable the beast which the dogs are first set at; and when they have acquired the habit of attacking it, without having formed an association of pain and danger, they will afterwards not be deterred by the wounds they may receive. Now, it appears to me, that to hold out impunity to the young and to first offenders, and thus, as it were, to muzzle the law, till they shall have acquired the habit of defying it, is precisely an analogous kind of training, and just what is best suited to breed up hardened criminals. I am inclined to think that in this, and in many other points, important practical errors may be traced to the very prevailing mistake of confounding together two perfectly distinct considerations: the *moral guilt* of an offender, and the propriety of punishing him for the sake of *example*. The theory of punishment, indeed, viz. that it is inflicted for prevention, and not for retribution, is, in the abstract, understood and admitted by almost every one, and is distinctly recognised in our legal enactments. But in particular cases there are notions and practices inconsistent with a doctrine so evident, which are by no means uncommon. Irrelevant considerations,—irrelevant, I mean, on the supposition, whose truth almost every one admits, that man has no right to think of inflicting vengeance,—are perpetually allowed to influence our judgment. To this, principally, I am inclined to trace the tendency to leave unpunished the offences of the young, and of all others who may be proved, or may be supposed, to have been seduced and incited by others to the commission of crimes. Undoubtedly the instigator to crime ought, if he can be brought to justice, to be punished more severely than those led by him; because the *public good* more particularly requires that an example should be made of such a character. But I suspect that even when this, which is the right course, is pursued, it is often on a wrong principle; i. e. from the consideration of the greater *moral turpitude* of him who seduces others. And the leniency often injudiciously shewn towards youths, and towards any who are supposed to be the seduced, and the instruments of others, arises, I conceive, chiefly from the idea that their fault, in a moral point of view, is less. But if the temptation they are exposed

to from the instigation of their elders is strong, it needs the more to be counterbalanced by the fear of punishment. Morally speaking, the strength of temptations from bad education and habits, bad associates, strong passions, ignorance, distressed circumstances, favourable opportunities for crime, &c. may be taken into account as palliations of an offence; but if we make allowance for them, politically, as palliatives in the eye of the law, we are encouraging crime, by adding, to all these other incentives, the promise of impunity, and withdrawing the salutary check of fear precisely in the very cases where it is the most needed."

After what we have quoted, we need not insist on the truism, that *prevention is the only and the true end of all punishment*; what cannot be referred to this single principle is altogether extraneous and wrong, either in legislation or in the execution of the laws: and this principle is most hurtfully counteracted by the lottery that exists as to the fate of convicts. One man is hanged this year at one place, for that for which another is transported; and, perhaps, at the next assize the same crime is thought to be sufficiently repressed by a twelve-month's hard labour on the tread-mill. This uncertainty pervades the whole system; and so long as the dispositions of mankind are sanguine, so long will it operate as a premium upon the commission of crime. Every chance of palliation and escape is the mother of a frightful progeny of theft, robbery, and murder.

There is one part of the author's reasoning,—that upon public executions,—where, though we cannot help agreeing with his premises, we cannot come to his conclusion. The taking away of human life is a dreadful act; and, to us, it has always appeared that the very mockery with which it is accompanied in our hangings, is one of the most extraordinary insults that could be offered to social man. The civilisation of executions (if we may so express the sense we entertain of the various improvements made in our usual mode of capital punishment—very much resembling the so-called improvements made in the old laws) is a monstrous alliance of the ludicrous with the tragical. A lampon it is; a warning it is not. Of old, the ruffian power strung up its victims, in agony, to the first tree in the forest; and men were appalled, if they were not restrained. Now, the solemn ceremony is but a sad farce, in which but one actor is seriously concerned: for the rest, they are the scene-shifters; and the spectators are,—what are they? a few, the merely curious, are disgusted; the majority, old or incipient candidates for the same order of martyrdom, are confirmed in the glory of dying game, "should they be so unfortunate as for to be detected."

Still, we cannot bring our minds to the conclusion, that execution should be done in prison, and without public witnessing. As for the shocking folly of criminals being sainted through the halter,—dying converts assured of eternal felicity by the delusive workings of enthusiasts and enthusiasm, and thus alluring hosts of brother-felons to a brighter world through a similar purgatory,—it is only another proof, that while we brag ourselves enlightened, we are but shallow. Should we be better if we adopted a piece of advice contained in the volume under review?

"I will take the liberty (says the Archbishop) of most earnestly recommending the appointment of a board of commissioners, analogous to that which is now occupied with the no less important subject of the poor-laws, and from whose labours every one, who is ac-

quainted with the character of the individuals composing it, must hope for the most favourable results. Whether the legislature is constituted in one way or in another, it is clearly impossible that it should be capable of going through, with proper care, all the necessary details of that vast and heterogeneous mass of business which belongs to its decision. And those who are at all acquainted with parliamentary proceedings, have no need to be reminded how much slovenly legislation has resulted from the non-adoption, or very slight and imperfect adoption, in the highest department of all, of that important principle, division of labour; but for which, even the humblest arts could never have been brought to any degree of perfection. Let the task of minute investigation, and uninterrupted reflection, on each subject separately, be entrusted to a small number of competent persons, expressly selected for the purpose; and let the legislature examine and judge of the result of their labours,—adopting, rejecting, or modifying their suggestions as it may see best; and I am much mistaken if a striking effect will not be produced in the increased wisdom of its enactments, in all departments in which such a procedure shall have been adopted. I will not presume to point out in full detail what should be the points, relative to the present subject, to be laid before such a board of commissioners as I have proposed; but I would suggest that they should not be too strictly confined to their own proper subject of secondary punishment; because, in respect of, first, *capital punishments*, and secondly, *police regulations*, it is possible that many facts might be ascertained, and many improvements in our present practice suggested, which might, in various ways, materially modify our practical conclusions in respect of secondary punishments. Every thing, for example, that in any way conduces to the increase or diminution of crime, must have an important bearing on the question as to the more or less *extensive* scale on which it may be requisite that penitentiaries should be established."

This is, perhaps, for so multifarious and important a topic, a rather crude suggestion; but in spirit it is one of unbounded interest. It is lamentable to see the time and energies of the legislature—composed of many of the most intelligent, best-informed, and finest minds in the world—wasted on trivial subjects; and if directed to matters of consequence, rarely or never brought to bear upon them so as to come to any practical conclusion and improve the common condition. The results are non-sense-committees, desultory reports never acted upon, and crude statutes encumbering the encumbered code with more needless contradictions. Ministers, and peers, and members of parliament, are so engrossed with a multiplicity of concerns, that even the most assiduous and devoted of them (not to mention the many whom pleasures and other pursuits occupy) are incapable of giving due attention to the most vital question which could demand the whole mind of a statesman. Their lives are the bustle of the chandler on a loftier scale. But what is the remedy? We would go a step, perhaps more, beyond the hint thrown out by our author; and in putting ourselves before our readers, we only beg them to remember, that our theories are not offered as plans to be defended to the uttermost, but as a sort of embodying of ideas, to render them tangible, for approval or rejection.

We would say, therefore, that in all our government, there is no branch expressly

framed for the good of the people. It is, truly, according to what is understood, the business of all; but we need not add that every body's business is nobody's business. And so it is. The official duties of ministers are more than they can perform; the labours devolved upon all public men much more than they could possibly attend to, supposing they gave every moment of their time to the public, and not one thought to their private affairs. Is it any wonder, then, that our laws should be corrupt and oppressive, and the whole administration of the state a chance-medley, rather than an example of organised wisdom? Is it any wonder, that in almost every part of our system to which we can turn our eyes, we are astonished by the prevalence of such positive evils, and more astonished by the non-appliance of such common-sense improvements, as are obvious to every reflecting mind out of the vortex of political action? Innumerable schemes are propounded, but they might as well be bad as good; for no one decides, no one adopts. Partial efforts operate partially for a season; but the gloomy end of all is, that this country, blessed with freedom, with activity and intelligence in the people, with great wealth, with all natural means of abundance, with exemption from the sufferings to which other nations are exposed when war disturbs the globe, with long-tried and well-understood principles of government, is the most drudging, unenjoying, discontented, and, throughout the great mass of the lower orders, the most wretched upon the face of the earth. Where there ought not to be one pauper in five hundred of the population, there are more paupers than independent persons. We know not: it may be the fault of the parties in many a case; but sure we are that it might be largely remedied, so that neither the inclination nor the power to live in idle beggary and starvation should afflict the land.

We hire ministers to conduct our political affairs, and chancellors and judges at vast cost to administer our laws; but we have no specific charge and jurisdiction to look to and provide for the welfare of the poor. The secretary of state for the home department is embarrassed with a multitude of other concerns; and the grand consideration of the condition of one-fourth of the people is left to parish officers. We have commissioners of bankrupts, of customs, of excise, and directors and inspectors of every possible interest; but there are no guardians of this vast aggregate of human life and capability.

Tribunes of the People might be ominous and dangerous; but might we not institute a permanent body to investigate and ameliorate this essential part of our national being? Vast sums are given to every partial scheme which short-sighted patriotism or an ambition for popularity suggests; surely something might be done, say for a Board whose duties should be to protect the lower orders, and succour the poor upon a universal principle, instead of conflicting local mal-administrations. We are firmly persuaded, that by some such institution as this the poor-rates might be lowered one-half; and the poor, the infirm, the aged, and the helpless, be raised in the scale of society to a degree which would greatly diminish both misery and crime. We will go farther: by the allotment of small portions of land, and other means of competition and industry, judiciously adopted, we are persuaded that contentment and happiness would speedily be seen to a large extent, where there is nothing now but poverty and sorrow, the parents of guilt

and suffering. Our Saxon ancestors worshipped an idol, or god, called *Ermenseel*, the Friend and Supporter of the poor: in a human form, such a protector might contribute much to the happiness of their descendants.

The New Gil Blas; or, Pedro of Penaflo.
By Henry D. Inglis, author of "Spain in 1830," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Longman and Co.

THIS work is as yet unpublished; but we are enabled to give a few extracts from its amusing pages. They detail the many adventures of a young scapegrace, who has the benefit of all Mr. Inglis's Spanish experience; and *Pedro of Penaflo* connects sketches of manners, dramatised anecdotes, narratives, &c. Take, for example, the following:—

Modern Miracle.—"Thy name, I think, is Fernando," said one of the friars to me one day, leading me into the cloisters, as I was passing out from dinner. "Fernando is my name," said I, "and my name is all my inheritance." "Thou art poor, no doubt," rejoined he; "but I design that thou shalt soon be richer, if thou wilt consent to obey my instructions." "No one," said I, "can be readier to obey instructions than that are to produce so agreeable a result;" and the friar then explained to me how that the finances of the convent were miserably low—that a new organ for the chapel and many ornaments for the major altar were wanted; and that on the occasion of the approaching festival, when it was always the custom for the devout to lay some little offering upon the altar of the saint, it was intended to warm devotion by some striking display of the saint's gratitude: and, finally, I was made to understand, that if I would consent to personate the saint, by wearing his garments and crown—to hold a silver salver in my hand to receive the offerings, and to bow my head whenever the donation exceeded a *duro*—I should be rewarded with a thousand reals; but upon condition that I should immediately afterwards quit Valencia, and reside in some other town.

Upon the day appointed for the celebration of the festival, I was received by the superior, whom I found to be the same individual who had formerly spoken with me, and who, with two or three others, was alone in the secret of the pious fraud in which I was to be an actor. "By this," said he, "we confirm the wavering and strengthen the faith of the true Catholic,—and thus the end justifies the means." The habiliments of the saint were ample; and the image having been removed, I easily slipped into its place, divesting myself only of my cloak, and found room enough within the foldings of the cloth of gold that covered my tarnished dress: the crown was placed upon my head, a well-contrived mask upon my face, and a massive silver salver in my hand, which, somehow or other, seemed to grow to my fingers. Thus prepared, the chapel railing was thrown open, and the matin-bell began to chime. And now the devout Valencians poured in, and crowded into the chapel, where I stood beneath a silver-gilded canopy. The wants of the convent had been industriously circulated by the friars: nor had less pains been taken to encourage a belief that some visible manifestation of the saint's good will and gratitude might be expected. The first that entered were some beggars, with little more than their tattered brown cloaks to cover them, and a few quartos dropped upon the salver; larger offerings succeeded—pesetas, half and whole duros; but no sign of gratitude or good will yet escaped from the saint. At length a gold piece rung upon

the salver, and forthwith the saint bent his head. The miracle was seen by all: a thousand thumbs had in an instant performed the sign of the cross; a thousand knees were bent; a loud and earnest hum of prayer rose from a thousand kneelers; at the same instant the organ pealed forth its loud anthem, and 'Glory to God, glory in the highest,' was the universal song of praise. But the miracle operated in a more substantial form; the prediction of an influential saint was well worth the sacrifice of a few duros—gold poured into the salver; and to such an extent, that not only was the saint's neck weary of acknowledgment, and his arm of the weight with which devotion burdened it—but a new miracle became necessary; the salver was too small to contain its offerings, and the gold was beginning to slide off the heap: the saint, therefore, withdrawing the salver, deposited the contents somewhere within the folds of his under-garments, and again extended the vessel to the awe-struck devotees. The throng that had poured into the chapel at length began to lessen; and mass having begun at the major altar, all hastened to place themselves before it: so that the chapel of the miraculous image was left for a time without a worshipper. Now, thought I, is the moment: slipping my arms out of the wide sleeves of the saint, I disentangled myself from the cumbrous garments, which were stiff enough to stand erect without the help either of an image or its representative; the mask I left propped in its place, and the salver also I would have left in the hand of the saint, had this been possible; but I was compelled to dispose of it otherwise—it followed its contents within my girdle; and having stealthily descended from the canopy, I threw my old cloak, which I had laid behind it, over my shoulders, and drawing my hat over my brows, I walked leisurely out of the chapel, and through the church, and soon found myself in the Calle de Alboraya, and crossing the bridge of the Holy Trinity. What took place in the convent when mass was ended, at what time the discovery was made, or what steps were taken to trace the flight of the mock saint, I have no means of ascertaining, and never stopped to inquire; but satisfied that I had practised a less fraud upon the friars than they had practised upon the people, I continued my walk at no unusual pace, that I might avoid suspicion, along the avenue that leads to the port—engaged, like others, in leisurely cutting up a melon, and eating it by the way."

Penance and its motives.—"In front of the gate of the Dominican convent was affixed a paper, which all were reading, or endeavouring to read. It was the publication of an indulgence of no fewer than five hundred days to all such persons as being secretly conscious of any sin, should appear the following day in the character and dress of penitents, at the execution of two robbers, which was then to take place. This was an indulgence not difficult to purchase; for with the long cloak and mask of the penitent, the penance might be as secret as the sin; and many blessings were accordingly showered upon the head of the considerate archbishop, who had by the publication of this indulgence, helped so many on their way to heaven. And in another way besides disguise, the reputation of the penitent was secured:—no fewer than five hundred cloaks, masks, caps, and wands, were provided by the archbishop for the use of penitents—so indifferent an opinion did the archbishop entertain of the morality of the city of Toledo; and it was more-over made known that these were to be depo-

sited on the previous night in the great vaults that lie underneath the Alcázar, in order that such penitent sinners as resolved to take advantage of the opportunity, might avoid the calumny of issuing from their own doors dressed in the penitential garb. * * * 'Alas!' said he whose turn it was to speak the next, 'happy are those whose crimes are so venial as to have been atoned by the penitence of this day. As for my sin, I greatly fear that the five hundred days, which to others have almost opened the gates of heaven, will scarcely be felt by me as any mitigation of my penalty. This, señores, is the crime that has brought me hither:—I am a vender of fruits and vegetables, which I rear in a garden of my own on the banks of the Tagus; and every morning I take my place in the Plaza Real, and lay out my fruit and vegetables. I have no reason to tell you, señores, that every morning a friar from each of the five convents of Franciscans, and from each of the four convents of Capuchins, and from the two convents of Augustines, walks through the market-place and asks supplies for his convent, for the love of God. One gives a cabbage, another tomato, a third garbuzos, a fourth a melon, a fifth grapes; and every one picks the best for the use of the convent, knowing well the blessing that will return to the giver: but as for me, before I take my place in the market I carefully examine my fruits and vegetables—not that I may pick out the best for the convents, but that I may lay aside for the friars whatever worm-eaten cabbages, or useless melons, or shrivelled grapes, I can find in my baskets. Never, during fifteen years that I have sat in the market-place of Toledo, have the convents been one real the better for me; and yet no one of all the market-people that own a stall there, enjoys so high a reputation as I do. 'Ah! the good Pascual,' says one, 'he never forgets to toss a cabbage into the friar's sack.' 'The devout Pascual,' says another, 'his gift is always ready.' 'A true friend to the convents is Pascual,' says a third. 'Many's the doblon he has given away in choice melons to feed the monks.' A sad score, señores, I have run up against me; and no wonder it hangs heavy upon my mind, and that the offer of the archbishop was not thrown away upon me: and such, señores, is the history of my penitence."

Beau ideal of a beggar: Pablo is refusing to go to Madrid:—"I dreamt all the long night of Toledo; and though, God knows, I have no home there to call my own, I have a home every where. There's scarce a street, señor, but what seems half my own; the Plaza Real—the court of the cathedral—the steps of the archbishop's palace—the vaults of the Alcázar—are all so many homes to me: every one knew me, and I knew every body. 'Well, Pablo!' said a canon; 'How fares it with thee, Pablo?' said a prebendary; 'Good day, or good night, Pablo,' said this friar and that; 'There's a quarto for thee, Pablo,' said one; and 'May'st thou never want a gazpacho,' said another. Every one will miss Pablo: I was a citizen of Toledo, señor, and now I am nothing and nobody! What is it to me that the king's house is in Madrid, and that his coach and eight mules drives along the Prado; will that put bread into my mouth?—or that rich grandees and nobles parade on the Prado; who among them will cast a glance at Pablo? Nay, not even a friar will have a kind word for him. Ah! señor, I have not resolution for this: youth has its follies and weaknesses, and so has age. I am too old to go a wandering: poor though I be, I am not yet tired of life; and I

feel that the prospect of laying my bones elsewhere than in Toledo, would hasten my end."

The whole work is very amusing; but, as a connected narrative, it somewhat over-abounds in episodes.

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

A VENERABLE victim to the pestilence which is unhappily prevalent amongst us, has just fallen in the person of Dr. Adam Clarke, one of the most learned, eminent, and pious of the disciples of John Wesley. Dr. Clarke was a native of Ireland (though not of Irish parentage, for his father was, we are told, English, and his mother Scottish), the son of a schoolmaster, and brought to England by Wesley himself, when about the age of nineteen, and placed as an assistant in Kingswood Academy. He first preached at Penzance; and it is a remarkable coincidence, that the son of one of his earliest friends there, Mr. Carne, has also been suddenly cut off in the midst of his ministry by the same fatal disease.* From Penzance Dr. Clarke went to Bristol, and from Bristol came to London, where he was honorary librarian to the Surrey Institution, and the author of many most meritorious and successful publications. Besides new editions of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Butterworth's Concordance*, he gave the world, in 1797, a *Dissertation on the Use and Abuse of Tobacco*; *Sturms' Reflections for every Day in the Year*, 4 vols. 12mo. from the German: between 1802 and 1806, a *Bibliographical Dictionary*, in 6 vols. 12mo.; an *Abridgment of Baxter's Christian Directory*; and the *Bibliographical Miscellany*, 2 vols. But his great work is the Bible, with a commentary and notes, in eight quarto volumes. His account of the illness and death of Professor Porson was privately printed; and he wrote several papers in the *Classical Journal*.

Dr. Clarke was taken ill at Bayswater, whither he had come from his residence at Heydon Hall, Middlesex, to preach a sermon; and notwithstanding every medical aid, died the ensuing day. He was a good man, and universally respected. His library and collection of MSS. are of extreme importance.

We have on our table (hitherto unnoticed, but recalled to our attention by this event), the second and concluding volume of "A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a Chronological Arrangement of Authors and their Works, from the invention of Alphabetical Characters, to the Year of our Lord 1300."† The author of this laborious work is a son of Dr. Adam Clarke; and the patient drudgery which he must have bestowed on hundreds of the voluminous productions of the old Fathers in order to write it, shews that he is equal to any literary task whatever. The results of his investigation, though brief, are invaluable to all who are engaged in lines of life which require this sort of information, where single paragraphs are truly the fruits of months of very dry and disheartening study. We will select a few passages for the curiosity of their statements; but every page is replete with learned and scholastic intelligence.

Theodoret, A. D. 386—423, the author of numerous commentaries, &c. &c., and, inter alia, "*Religious History*: an account of the

* We allude to Dr. Carne of Plymouth, whose death and that of his wife, within three days, of cholera, has created so strong a sensation among those to whom they were endeared by religious connexion and private worth. Dr. Carne was the brother of Mr. John Carne, whose literary works are so justly popular, and whose interesting *Lives of Missionaries* we have reviewed within the last few weeks.

† London, 1832, T. S. Clarke; Simpkin and Marshall.

lives of thirty eastern monks, 'whose virtue he is well assured cannot be adequately described,' and whose wondrous deeds and endurances he requests his readers not hastily to disbelieve, 'if they should hear of a power beyond their own, nor by any means to measure the virtue of these men by their own.' Some of the things he relates he had himself seen, and others were related to him by respectable witnesses who were attenders on the teaching of these men. The saints whose lives he relates are, James of Nisibis, who lived in the greatest deprivations and hardships, and wrought wonders wheresoever he went. Going on one of his religious visitations in Persia, he passed a fountain where some women were washing clothes by treading on them with their feet in the water, and their own clothes tucked up out of the wet: they did not consult the saint's delicacy by letting down their garments as he passed, and he therefore punished their immodesty by stopping the spring and turning their hair grey! The death of Arius is attributed to James's prayers.—Julianus Sabbas, who lived in a cave, fed himself once a-week, and employed his whole time in singing David's Psalms: his fame soon spread, and numbers joined him in his retreat: he kills a dragon by the sign of the cross; the son of one of his female disciples, while his mother was absent, fell into a well; the ill tidings were soon conveyed to the parent, who coolly ordered the lid to be put on the well till Julianus returns, while she went on with the service in which she had been engaged: on entering, Julianus inquires for the child, that he may give him his blessing, when his mother relates the accident: the old man hastens to the well, removes the covering, orders a light, and sees the lad sitting on the top of the water dashing it about sportively with his hand; ropes are brought and the child drawn up, who related that he had seen Julianus supporting him in the water and preventing his sinking!—Marcianus, who thought it right to eat and drink only once a-day, and always to leave off both hungry and thirsty: a divinely kindled lamp burned above his head at night to enable him to read the Bible: through modesty he was very unwilling to work miracles!—Eusebius ate every fourth day, allowing his disciples to eat every other.—Publius.—Symeon sends two lions to direct a traveller in his road; and again orders off a lion which was intruding on the privacy of himself and company: indeed, lions and dragons seem to have existed only to shew the power of these ascetics.—Palladius, at whose request a murdered man sat up, and looking round, pointed out with a finger of his right hand his murderer.—Aphraates predicts the death of his abuser, who afterwards was boiled to death by falling into a hot bath: he cures the emperor's horse by holy water; and he gives holy oil to a woman to anoint her husband with to restore to her his love.

The whole of these thirty abounded in ascetic severities; but it is somewhat singular that, of the last ten who were alive, there is nothing related at all equal as a miracle to what is recorded of those who were dead. Indeed it is melancholy to see a man like Theodoret believing such absurdities, and praising such brutish lives as some of them led: the whole history is a series of ridiculous miracles, and absurd asceticities; even the little piety which is glimmeringly shewn in some of their sayings is of small account; there is nothing praiseworthy in their conduct, and nothing instructive in their discourse; some of them appear to have been really very little better than the beasts they were sometimes mistaken for when they came

abroad, and others to have been men of most unsubdued minds and passions, in whom the smallest temptation aroused their naturally corrupt inclinations, and who scarcely had any notion of correcting the inner man, while they loaded the outer one to its destruction: the saintship of the deserts seems to have been the climax of religious fanaticism and folly."

"*Epitome of Heretical Fables*, in five books,—the four first occupied with an account of the various heretics and their heresies, and the fifth embodies the true doctrine, as an antidote against the previously recited errors. Book I. gives an account of all those heretics who imagined there were more than one universal Ruler, and asserted that our Lord only seemed to have entered this world: each heretic forms the subject of a chapter. I will mention the names and some of the peculiarities of several. He begins with Simon Magus, who said there was a certain infinite power, the root and spring of the universe, which power he himself was, being manifested to the Jews as the Son, to the Samaritans as the Father, and to all other nations as the Holy Spirit; his companion Helena he termed the first conception of his mind, the mother of all, by whom were the angels and archangels; with many other absurdities.—Menander, who affirmed that men were to be saved by being baptised unto him.—Saturnilus.—Basilides and Isidore.—Basilides taught a graduated chain of beings, each producing the one below him; that not Christ, but Simon the Cyrenean, suffered; he denied the resurrection.—Carpocrates and Epiphane believed Christ to have been born naturally of Joseph and Mary, and that souls transmigrated.—Prodicus taught a community of wives, *ὅτι δι' ἡμεῖς, οὐκ ἐν τοῖς κοινῶν διαποινοῖς μόνον, τοὺς λαχοῦντας φῆς ἐκποδὸν ποιῶμεν, ἅπασιν ὡς ἕκαστος ἐπιτελεῖ συνμνηνόντα*, and several other abominations are specified, both unnatural and base.—Secundus.—Mark the Wizard, who compared the æons to the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, dividing them into mutes, vowels, and semi-vowels; and these, composing false and forged writings, misled the foolish.—The Ascodruti.—The Archontici. These composed books of false prophecies, one of which was entitled the Symphony, which describe the seven heavens, in the highest of which Sabaoth exercises his tyranny.—The Colorbasii.—The Barbeliotes.

These and others helped forward their absurdities by adopting barbarous and uncouth Hebrew words, which were comforting and convincing to the minds of the ignorant.—The Ophitæ held Seth to be a kind of divinity, that Jesus was born of the Virgin, but Christ came down from above; that there is no resurrection, therefore the apostles were wrong; that Christ entered the Virgin's womb in the form of a serpent; that the serpent associated with wisdom, fought with the Creator, deceived Adam, and that the convulsions of our intestines is to imitate him! They worshipped a serpent, and had songs and religious rites appointed for it.—The Cainites.—The Antitactæ.—The Peratæ held that Christ had a threefold nature, threefold body, and threefold power!—Monomus, who broached an arithmetical heresy!—Hermogenes believed in the pre-existence of matter, and said that our Lord's body was laid up in the sun.—Tatian and the Hydroparastæ or Encratæ, who drank no wine nor ate animal food; they abhorred marriage. Marcion was their leader, who had formed a gospel of his own, called Diatessaron, in which he destroyed every evidence of our Lord having descended from David. This gospel had got into very general use, even among the orthodox;—'I

myself,' says Theodoret, 'found more than 200 of such books in great esteem in our churches, which gathering together, I put away, and introduced the four gospels in their room.'

"The Messalians, or Euchitæ, i. e. the Prayers,—a sect who denied the god of baptism;—to every man born there belongs a demon who urges him to improprieties: this demon, neither baptism nor any thing else, except the power of prayer, is able to expel from the soul; and then the indwelling demon comes away in the mucus of the nose, and in the spittle! They perform many other mad pranks, for all of a sudden they leap up and boast that they are treading down the demons; with their fingers they imitate shooting, and declare that they are shooting the demons: and endless other absurdities they practise."

These quotations are only portions of the remarkable summaries which Mr. Clarke has so clearly abridged.

Salvian of Marseilles wrote "against the abominations of the theatre and public sports: he says that the Christians of his day were accustomed to celebrate the Cercensian games to the honour of Christ!"

"Huchald, the monk, A.D. 916, of the monastery of St. Amandus, wrote a poem in praise of baldness to Charles the Bald, consisting of 300 verses: it is remarkable only for the number of c's (for *calvus*, bald) introduced into it. It was printed by Barthius, in his *Advers.* p. 2175, Francof. 1624."

"Atto, Bishop of Verceil, A.D. 945, the second of this name, was son of Aldegarius, and celebrated in his time as a most learned theologian and canonist: his works lay unpublished for a long time in the Vatican Library, till D'Achery laid them before the public in his *Spicileg.* vol. i. p. 402." Among them is a list containing, as prohibited, "the works of heretics and schismatics; a great number of spurious Gospels are mentioned, together with acts of martyrs, lives of saints, revelations, &c.; a most curious list, the titles of some of which are the following: Our Saviour's Infancy—Of our Lord's Birth—Of Mary and her Midwife—The Assumption of the Holy Mary—Of the Fight with the Dragon after the Deluge—The Phylacteries of the Angels; all which, with numbers more, he condemns."

Works of Lord Byron. Vol. IX. Murray. This volume introduces us to the full spring-tide of Byron's genius: the Giaour, the Bride of Abydos, the Corsair, the exquisite miscellaneous poems—all as they belong to that "one morning which woke and found itself famous." We own we shall be glad to have done with the satires: often unjust, as the whim of the moment usually is; always petulant and ill-natured—to us, at least, they unidealise the writer:

"Still, when least divine
He is a god, whose shrines shall be restored—
Apollo's self dethroned."

It is curious to observe how the fountains of his Nile ever arose in his own feelings. The first cause might be slight, but a first cause there always was. His imagination first mystified its possessor; and his own Giaour and Corsair were the picturesque of himself in action. You might as well tell the leopard to put away its spots and yet be beautiful, as to bid Byron put aside his identity and yet be poetical. In the intenseness of that egotism lay his power. The fanciful is more actual than we allow: a part of every man's life is past in thinking himself in situations in which he is never placed, and picturing to himself what he would there say and do. In proportion as the

imagination is developed, the circumstances become more or less real: the faculty of making them visible to others constitutes poetry; and this faculty he possessed in the highest degree. It is because, by force of imagination, he first placed himself in the character of Conrade, &c. that he makes them seem so real to the reader. The notes of this edition are very interesting; we like to see the "pains the poet takes." The following passage is proof that Byron added labour to inspiration:—

"The hundred and twenty-six lines which follow, down to 'Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,' first appeared in the fifth edition. In returning the proof, Lord Byron says:—'I have, but with some difficulty, not added any more to this snake of a poem, which has been lengthening its rattles every month. It is now fearfully long, being more than a canto and a half of 'Childe Harold.' The last lines Hodgson likes. It is not often he does; and when he don't, he tells me with great energy, and I fret and alter. I have thrown them in to soften the ferocity of our Infidel; and, for a dying man, have given him a good deal to say for himself. Do you know any body who can stop—I mean, *point*—commas, and so forth? for I am, I hear, a sad hand at your punctuation.' Among the Giauour MSS. is the first draught of this passage, which we subjoin:—

'Yes } Love indeed, { doth spring
If } } descend } from heaven;
 { be born }
 { immortal }
A spark of that eternal } fire,

To human hearts in mercy given,

To lift from earth our low desire.

A feeling from the Godhead caught,

To wean from self } each } sordid thought;

Devotion sends the soul above,

But heaven itself descends to love.

Yet marvel not, if they who love

This present joy, this future hope,

Which taught them with all ill to cope,

In madness, then, their fate accuse—

In madness do those fearful deeds

That seem } to add but guilt to } woe.

Alas! the } breast } that inly bleeds,

Has nought to dread from outward foe," &c.

Again—

"When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight but not disagreeable." On discovering that, in some of the early copies, the all-important monosyllable 'not' had been omitted, Lord Byron wrote to Mr. Murray,—"This is a diabolical mistake which must be corrected; it is the omission of 'not' before disagreeable, in the note on the amber rosary. This is really horrible, and nearly as bad as the stumble of mine at the threshold—I mean the misnomer of Bride. Pray do not let a copy go without the 'not'; it is nonsense, and worse than nonsense. I wish the printer was saddled with a vampire!"

"This do I for your applause, O Athenians!" has ever been the great first cause, as it ever will be, of human exertion. There is a curious coincidence between a line in Prior's *Nuthorn Maid* and one in Byron's *Corsair*. Emma's lovers—

"They came, they saw, they marvelled, and they loved." Gulnare tells the Corsair, of her own heart—

"It feared thee, thanked thee, pitied, maddened, loved."

By the by, we cannot but remark how mistaken was the outcry against the Corsair's morality: he is an attached and faithful husband, a generous and humane victor, and a most chivalrous foe—one who disdains to purchase his own life by that of another, because the blow must be struck in secret. Byron's own last line is a calumny—

"Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

Now, his crimes are only hearsay, and his good qualities we have enumerated above.

As the state of the drama now occupies considerable attention, we select the following from the "Hints from Horace."

"Now to the Drama let us bend our eyes,
Where fettered by Whig Walpole low she lies;
Corruption felled her, for she fear'd her glance;
Decorum left her for an opera dance!
Yet Chesterfield, whose polliah'd pen inveighs
'Gainst laughter, fought for freedom to our plays,
Uncheck'd by megrims of patrician brains,
And damning dullness of lord chamberlains,
Repeat that act! again let Humour roam
Wild o'er the stage—we've time for tears at home;
Let 'Archer' plant the horns on 'Sullen's' brow,
And 'Estifania' gull her 'Copper' spouse;
The moral's scant, but that may be excus'd—
Men go not to be lectured, but amus'd.
He whom our plays dispose to good or ill,
Must wear a head in want of Willis' skill:
Ay, but Macbeth's example—paha!—no more!
It form'd no thieves—the thief was form'd before;
And, spite of Puritans and Collier's" curse,
Plays make mankind no better, and no worse."

"The following is a brief sketch of the origin of the Playhouse Bill:—In 1735 Sir John Barnard brought in a bill 'to restrain the number of houses for playing of interludes, and for the better regulating of common players.' The minister, Sir Robert Walpole, conceiving this to be a favourable opportunity of checking the abuse of theatrical representation, proposed to insert a clause to ratify and confirm, if not enlarge, the power of the lord chamberlain in licensing plays; and at the same time insinuated, that unless this addition was made, the king would not pass it. But Sir John Barnard strongly objected to this clause; contending, that the power of that officer was already too great, and had been often wantonly exercised. He therefore withdrew his bill, rather than establish by law a power in a single officer so much under the direction of the crown. In the course, however, of the session of 1737 an opportunity offered, which Sir Robert did not fail to seize. The manager of Goodman's Fields Theatre having brought to him a farce called 'The Golden Rump,' which had been proffered for exhibition, the minister paid the profits which might have accrued from the performance, and detained the copy. He then made extracts of the most exceptionable passages, abounding in profaneness, sedition, and blasphemy, read them to the house, and obtained leave to bring in a bill to limit the number of playhouses; to subject all dramatic writings to the inspection of the lord chamberlain; and to compel them to take out a license for every production before it could appear on the stage."

"Chesterfield's speech on the Licensing Act is one of his most eloquent efforts. Though the Playhouse Bill is generally said to have been warmly opposed in both houses, this speech of the Earl of Chesterfield is the only trace of that opposition to be found in the periodical publications of the times. The following passage, which relates to the powers of the lord chamberlain, will shew the style of the oration:—"The bill is not only an encroachment upon liberty, but it is likewise an encroachment on property. Wit, my lords, is a sort of property: it is the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. Thank God! my lords, we have a dependence of another kind; we have a much less precarious support, and therefore cannot feel the inconveniences of the bill now before us: but it is our duty to encourage and protect wit, whosever's property it may be. Those gentlemen who have any such property are all, I hope, our friends: do

not let us subject them to any unnecessary or arbitrary restraint. I must own, I cannot easily agree to the laying of any tax upon wit; but by this bill it is to be heavily taxed, it is to be excised: for if this bill passes, it cannot be retailed in a proper way without a permit; and the lord chamberlain is to have the honour of being chief gauger, supervisor, commissioner, judge, and jury. But what is still more hard, though the poor author,—the proprietor, I should say,—cannot, perhaps, dine till he has found out and agreed with a purchaser, yet before he can propose to seek for a purchaser, he must patiently submit to have his goods rummaged at this new excise-office; where they may be detained for fourteen days, and even then he may find them returned as prohibited goods, by which his chief and best market will be for ever shut against him, without the least shadow of reason, either from the laws of his country or the laws of the stage. These hardships, this hazard, which every gentleman will be exposed to who writes any thing for the stage, must certainly prevent every man of a generous and free spirit from attempting any thing in that way; and as the stage has always been the proper channel for wit and humour, therefore, my lords, when I speak against this bill, I must think I plead the cause of wit, I plead the cause of humour, I plead the cause of the British stage, and of every gentleman of taste in the kingdom. The stage and the press, my lords, are two of our out-entries: if we remove them, if we hoodwink them, if we throw them in fetters, the enemy may surprise us. Therefore, I must look upon the bill now before us as a step, and a most necessary step too, for introducing arbitrary power into this kingdom."

"*Repeal that Act.*"—After the lapse of nearly a century, the state of the laws affecting dramatic literature, and the performance of the drama, has again become the subject of parliamentary inquiry."

Of the Curse of Minerva we shall only state that a manuscript copy of this little poem of fourteen pages, which Lord Byron wrote out for a friend while at Athens, was, the other day, brought to the hammer by Evans, of Pall Mall, and actually fetched sixteen pounds! "How are we revived!"

The annexed account of the other poems is curious: the editor says:—"The Giauour, written in April, and published in May; the Bride of Abydos, written in November, and published early in December, 1813; and the Corsair, composed during the last thirteen days of the same month, and published in January, 1814. These vigorous performances, so rapidly following each other, kept the public attention rivetted on Lord Byron at this, the most brilliant, and, perhaps, the happiest period of his short career. He was enjoying the steady blaze of fame, and exulting in a strength which now, in general estimation, knew no rival. By a careful comparison of the original MSS. and successive editions of these splendid poems, the editor has been enabled to collect a rich harvest of various readings, many of them curious, and not a few important; and the margin continues to present a running series of historical, biographical, and critical annotations. The appendix consists of the poet's remarks on the Romæic, or modern Greek language, with specimens and translations—all produced during his residence in the Capuchin convent, at Athens, in 1811."

The engravings are, Petrarch's Tomb, by G. Cattermole, and Seville, both exquisitely engraved by E. Finden; and another interesting

embellishment is given in a fac-simile of a stanza of Childe Harold, as scribbled on the Lake of Geneva, and altered by the noble bard.

The propriety of publishing Childe Harold in one volume is obvious; still, there is a wide gulf between its first and last; and we now include the two first cantos.

The Family Library, Vol. XXXIV. Scottish Worthies, Vol. II. By P. F. Tytler, Esq. 12mo. pp. 322. London, 1832. Murray.

THE name of the author, one of the most able of our living historians, is a sufficient guarantee for this volume being of a superior order. It is indeed interesting in its subjects, marked by adequate research, and written with great perspicacity and spirit. The first memoir is that of King Robert Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn, against whom the second Edward led so powerful an army; after describing the component parts of which, Mr. Fraser Tytler says:—

"In addition to these preparations, the king, having received information that it was the intention of the Scots to draw up their army in a marshy district, where it would be difficult for cavalry to act with safety, directed a body of 21,500 infantry to be raised in England and Wales, which, in conjunction with the Irish troops, consisting of foot soldiers lightly armed, and of the light irregular cavalry called hobblers, would, it was hoped, be able to attack the Scots, even in the strongest country where they could have pitched their encampment. The original writs, the multifarious and complicated orders for the calling together the various divisions of this army, for the organisation of the victualling and forage departments, for the providing of waggons and cars to transport the tents and pavilions, and for assembling the various artisans, smiths, armourers, miners, and carpenters, who were required to supply the wants and repair the damages incident upon the march of so large a host, are still to be seen among the records of the kingdom; and they demonstrate that the force with which Edward proceeded against Scotland, amounted, at the lowest calculation, to 100,000 men."

After a life of glory, admirably painted, we come to the closing scene of this illustrious monarch's life.

"It is an affecting circumstance, that the King of Scotland had scarcely concluded this peace, which proved so signal a blessing to the nation, and brought so happy a relief to his own cares and anxieties, when that disease, contracted amidst the hardships and exposures of war, which had of late years been undermining his strength, assumed a more malignant form, and rendered it necessary for him to abstract himself entirely from public business. By the advice of his physicians, he retired to Cardross, a beautiful retreat, situated upon the Clyde, about six miles from Dumbarton; where, amid the intervals from pain and sickness, his time appears to have been much occupied in making experiments in the construction and sailing of vessels, with a view, probably, towards the establishment of a more effective naval force in Scotland. We learn this fact from the accounts of his high chamberlain, which are yet preserved; and the same records acquaint us, that in these kingly amusements he often enjoyed the society of Randolph. His lighter pleasures consisted in hunting and hawking, when his health permitted; in sailing upon the Clyde, and superintending his mariners and shipwrights in their occupations; in enlarging and enclosing his park, and making additions to his

palace. As even the most trivial circumstances are interesting when they regard so eminent a man, it may be mentioned that he kept a lion, the expense of whose maintenance forms an item in the chamberlain's accounts; and that his active mind, even under the pressure of increasing disease, seems to have taken an interest in the labours of the architects, painters, goldsmiths, and inferior artists, who belonged to his establishment. In compliance with the manners of the times, he maintained a fool, for whose comfort he was solicitous, and in whose society he took delight. He entertained his clergy and his barons, who visited him from time to time at his rural palace, in a style of noble and abundant hospitality. The minutest parts of his expenditure appear to have been arranged with the greatest order; and his lowest officers and servants, his huntsmen, falconers, dog-keepers, gardeners, and park-stewards, provided for in rude but regular abundance. His gifts and largesses to the officers of his household, to his nurse and other old servants, and to the most favourite amongst his nobles, were frequent and ample: his charity in the support of many indigent persons, by small annual salaries, or regular allowances of meat and flour, was extensive and well-directed; whilst a pleasing view of his generosity, combined with his love of letters, is presented by his presents to 'poor clerks,' for the purpose of enabling them to carry on their education 'at the schools.'

"Amidst these quiet but not unkindly cares, the near approach of death was contemplated with resignation and deep expressions of repentance for the sins he had committed, and the blood which he had spilt. In compliance with the regal practice of the age, more than from any feelings of ostentation, which was foreign to the simplicity of his character, he had given orders to have a magnificent tomb made at Paris, which was brought to Bruges, thence through England into Scotland, and, on its arrival, erected in the church of the Benedictines, at Dumfermline. About a month before his death he appears to have conceived an especial affection for the monks of Melrose; and he directed a letter to his son and successor, Prince David, in which he recommends these religious men and their monastery to his care and protection with great earnestness and solicitude. He had determined also, that, at this time, his heart should be buried at Melrose, although his body was to be carried to Dumfermline. Soon after this Bruce's illness assumed an appearance which proved that its last stage could not be distant; and his principal clergy and nobles, with affectionate solicitude repaired to Cardross. At this moment that repentance for the profuse expenditure of blood during his long wars, which he had already expressed, induced him to alter his wishes for the interment of his heart at Melrose, and to resolve, with the superstitious feeling of the age, that it should be carried to Jerusalem, to be deposited in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, since the unworthy body it had animated could no longer obey its wishes and engage in war against the Infidels."

We subjoin the letter alluded to; it is very characteristic of the spirit of the age.

"Robert, by the grace of God, King of Scots, to David, his beloved son, and to his successors which shall come after him, wisheth safety, and such an obedience to his precepts as may merit his blessing to rest on their future reigns. Dear son, you are aware that he alone is worthy to be called a son, who, in all just things imitating his father's example, endeavours, with his whole

power, to obey his wishes; nor does he rightly merit the name of heir, who does not adhere to the salutary desires of his predecessor. Being desirous, therefore, that you and the rest of your successors should continue to entertain, with devout respect to our memory, that sincere love and pious affection, which, being moved thereto by their most holy life, we have conceived towards the monks and the monastery of Melrose, in which, according to our special and devout injunctions, our heart is to be buried; and being the more earnest that this ardour of attachment should be shewn by you to these holy men after our decease, in order that they may be thereby animated to pray more fervently and effectually for the welfare of our soul: we therefore direct you (and to this request add our most fervent supplications and injunctions), that you will permit the same holy men to enjoy liberally, and without interruption, the rents which we have assigned to them towards the rebuilding of their church, rather, if any change is made, adding to these gifts than subtracting from them, and at all times lending a benevolent ear to their supplications,—defending them from their enemies, and all who may invade their rights. It is our wish, then, that you, my dear son, and others who may be our successors, should be anxious to retain in your mind these our exhortations and requests, along with the blessing of the Son of God, who taught sons to obey their parents, and declared of himself, that he came into the world, not to do his own will, but the will of his Father who is in heaven. In testimony, therefore, of the devotion with which we are animated towards the religious house so highly esteemed and sincerely beloved by us, we have addressed the present letter to these holy men, to be shewn hereafter to our successors. Given at Cardross, on the 11th of May, in the twenty-fourth year of our reign."

The next biographies are of Barbour, Wynton, and Fordun, the most ancient chroniclers of Scotland; the sketches of whom, and remarks upon their works, are highly interesting. In the life of Wynton we meet the following curious mention of the famous witches of *Macbeth*:—

"In Wynton this whole scene is a dream. Three strange unearthly women, whom he knows to be conversant with futurity, visit his slumbers nightly, one of whom salutes him as Thayne of Crumbachy, or Cromarty, the other as Thayne of Moray, the third as King.

At night he thoct in hys dreyming,
That syttand he wes beside the Kyng.
At a sele in huntynge; swa
In-til his leisch had greyhunds twa,
He thoct, quhile he wes swa syttand,
He saw three wemen by gangand,
And tha wemen than thoct he
Thre werd sisters mast lyk to be.
The first he hard say gangand by,
Lo, yondyr the Thayne of Crumbachy;
The tothir woman sayd agane,
Of Moray, yondyr I se the Thayne;
The third than sayd, 'I se the Kyng.'
All this he herd in hys dreyming.

All this is not only extremely natural and probable, but bears every mark of the truth."

Boece wrought this up into a *real supernatural scene*, and Shakespeare immortalised it. The annexed is also a striking notice, and relates to Wynton and Fordun:—

"It is a singular fact, and gives a melancholy picture of the very slight circulation of literary works, although written by contemporaries, and in the same country, that these two authors were mutually ignorant of each other's productions."

The life of James I., given in part, is worthy of the rest of the volume. There seems to be

an error in p. 193, where 4864 A.M. and 4864 B.C. are identified.

Altogether, this is one of the best of these publications.

The Destinies of Man. By Robert Millhouse. 12mo. pp. 88. London, 1832. Simpkin and Marshall.

OF Robert Millhouse and his poetical works we have repeatedly spoken in the *Literary Gazette*; and it would be a very imperfect record of the literature and genius of the time, did it fail to notice the efforts of so remarkable an individual. It is very common to see the shafts of ridicule launched at the lowly aspirants who essay an entrance into the temple of fame; and to be at once a ploughboy, a servant, a mechanic, or any humble rank in life, and a poet, is to provoke the satire of the thoughtless and unfeeling. We are far from wishing to encourage the "idle trade," where it would interfere with essential duties, or where it is prompted by conceit rather than by talent; but, on the other hand, we think it hard to merge in almost one common censure the innocent and laudable productions of those whose lot happens to be cast among the poorer classes of the community. It is true their minds are not cultivated in the same school with the fortunate scholar; but Nature alone is a powerful teacher where she finds capacity and imagination; and, without instancing the mighty names she has enrolled among the highest in Time's immortal scroll, we may assert that the claims of genius are not limited by circumstance, nor confined to any particular sphere.

Robert Millhouse, our readers are aware, is a stocking-weaver at Nottingham, and has never enjoyed any advantages over the mass of the body to which he belongs. He must therefore have been imbued with much native energy, to have struggled into the note he has obtained; and he must have had a true sense of poetical beauty to have written such verse as has flowed from his pen. Nor has this spoilt him for his station in society; on the contrary, we are assured that his conduct has always been orderly and correct, so as to entitle him, as a man, to the respect of all who know him.

Amid cheerless and ill-paid labour, when we see such a person firmly adhering to right principles, and endeavouring to disseminate them, as in the poem before us, we, at least, feel a sensible pleasure in encouraging him, and we trust that public success will complete his reward.

The *Destinies of Man* is composed in language which would reflect credit on the best education; and the thoughts are not unworthy of the subject. We do not mean to hold the poem up as wonderful, or not amenable to critical blame; but we are free to say, that it possesses very considerable merit, and, especially when we look at the situation of the author, does deserve a very favourable reception. The following touch, early in the little volume, will illustrate our dicta:

"Youth's ardour has abated, and that flame
Which throws its witchcraft o'er the minstrel's breast;
When young ambition, panting after fame,
Illumes the sweetest slumbers of our rest
With dreams of fairy-land—those visions blest—
Those meteors dyed in heaven—which lead the mind
Through realms by fancy's loveliest rainbows drest—
Then vanish into darkness—while the wind
Beats to the wretch forlorn the coldness of mankind.
Mind has its changes—yet there still remain
Virtue, the beam of truth, the patriot's flame,
Tears due to misery, though they fall in vain,
And the calm throbbings for that best of fame,
Which human apathy may never tame—
These are beyond the reach of man's control—
These find their need above, from whence they came,

And are the pure oblations of the soul,
Rising to Him, whose word sustains this wondrous
whole!"

There is a very animated description of the deluge, from which we will copy a few stanzas, as farther specimens of the writer's powers.

"At length, in terrors, came the doubtful morn!
Then, in its strength, the incroaching flood began;
And the sealed fountains of the deeps were torn,
While, from the rending clouds the torrents ran:
Awe seized the boldest—for the homes of man,
Regal or mean, to rushing streams gave way;
And on the uplands, in a narrower span,
Tribe following tribe, beneath the tempest's sway,
Join'd with the thunder's voice their wailing of dismay.

What congregated multitudes were there!—
Men of five centuries, still fierce in crime;
Those giants of their race, unused to fear,
With looks majestic, but not sublime:
There matrons old, in nothing grave but time—
And warriors, ardent in the bloom of years—
And virgin beauty, fading in its prime—
And youthful brides, sad, wasting in their tears—
And wild despair, and madness, scowling towards the
spheres.

And there came on, in restless love of life,
Domestic flocks and herds, with hurrying pace,
And beasts of prey, not yet subdued from strife:—
The antelope, and roebuck of the chase,
Bounding to 'scape from death—and in that space
The reptiles crept along the slippery ground,
Or clung to man, with horrible embrace;
The vulture overhead, in wheeling round,
Scream'd, or, alighting fierce, his dying victim found!
Not yet was Nature vanquish'd!—

A few terrific days and nights were past,
And the vast waters rose on every side;
And still the sheet-like rains were falling fast,
While from the mountains rush'd the eddying tide;
And yet they sought those mountains—far and wide
Death had reduced the multitude to few;
Famine had wrought his deeds, in scorn of pride,
And the devouring flood still onward drew;
While to the shelving rocks the trembling remnant flew.

Then came the extreme of horrors! Hope in vain
Look'd out, bewild'rd, o'er the vast profound:
The famish'd mother, reckless of her pain,
Hung o'er her dying babes, and clasp'd them round;
The fainting father, stretch'd upon the ground,
Shared with the serpent and the wolf his bed;
There, tame with dread, the lion ceased to bound,
And, couchant, sought a pillow for his head,
And trembled with affright, and rested on the dead.

Still swell'd the mighty waters!—and they swept
A portion of the lingering band away;
Some towards the topmost mountain-summits crept,
Where flocks of birds were screaming in dismay:
Those summits mock'd their efforts, and they lay
Where the forced torrent, founting, sunk below;
The sun, through broken clouds, sent forth a ray,
Which led their sight to lengthening scenes of woe,
And tipt with light the waves, and mark'd their over-
throw.

Then o'er them closed the congregated sons,
And the ark rode in safety on their breast."

An apostrophe to the Ocean follows, which we deem highly poetical.

"Thou boundary of empires! whose renown
Lives but in mockery of history's page—
Whose tyrant-kings went prowling up and down,
Till vanquish'd in the grasp of withering age;
Decay subdued their greatness, for the rage
Of conquering time has chased them from the earth;
Their arts and records are a theme to engage
Long disquisitions, of but little worth,
While thou art reigning still, in thine *unsocial mirth*.

The young Sun woo'd thee with his dawning light,
And the first moonbeams sported on thy breast,
Ere maddening tempests roared on thy giant might,
Breaking, with desperate peals, thy dream of rest;
And sometimes now thou slumberest, and art drest
Gay as a bride, in robes that sunbeams weave;
When crimson clouds adorn the glowing west,
And thy scarce-rippling waves in beauty heave—
All faithless when serene, and smiling to deceive."

The term "unsocial mirth" is enough to stamp a poetical mind. Nor are the subjoined lines less decisive of the same character, though in a poor Nottingham stocking-weaver.

"The Sun emerges while frail mortals sleep;—
Spring will return, although we heed it not;—
The laughing Summer will come on, to steep
The flowers with dew, in many an unknown spot;—
The Autumn will go forth and bless the cot,
Where the poor peasant takes no note of time;
And snows, unwelcome, will descend to blot
The fairest landscapes,—and the storm sublime,
Though man lift up his voice, will sweep the wintry
clime.

Will the stars weep because our hearts are sad?—
No sympathy have they with our dismay!—
Nor will they brighter shine when we are glad:—
At our command, will yonder comet stay,
And gild no sky but ours?—alas! we lay
Such schemes on earth, that even fools despise."

With this we shall conclude our extracts.

The author (after the flood) glances over the ancient world,—Assyria, Egypt, Thebes, Greece, and Rome; and ends, having a dash at the Church of England, in the vein of liberalism,* with a paraphrastic laudamus in the style of the Psalmist.

In the way of criticism we shall not be particular. A severe judgment would have corrected many verbal weaknesses, and poor and even inapplicable epithets; but our readers can appreciate the whole by the extracts we have made. We need not, therefore, go at length into the most disagreeable part of our task: "feters it with shade," page 8; "weeps" and "throbs through broken slumbers, like an o'er-weep child," p. 23, are merely proofs of inappositeness and inelegance, which occur too frequently. We have also to observe on the recurrence of common-place rhymes in almost every second page; but, again and again, we urge, that even in the most polished and accomplished writer these things would be only trivial defects; in Robert Millhouse, the weaver of Nottingham, they ought not to be noted; and our excuse for offending against our own rule, is that, if we did not specify the defects, we might be supposed to be the blind panegyrist of a petitioning bard. In other times, Millhouse would have needed no merciful consideration; he might well have stood upon his own character and performances; but in these days of superabundant mediocrity, it requires good fortune to be appreciated at aught like a real value.

Lectures on the Steam-Engine. By Dr. Lardner. New edition. 12mo. pp. 268. London, 1832. Taylor.

THIS new edition of a valuable work on an important mechanical (we might almost say superhuman) power, contains two additional lectures on subjects of popular interest, viz. a long one on the Liverpool and Manchester railway, and a very short notice on the employment of steam-carriages on public roads. In the former, Dr. Lardner gives great praise to Mr. Gurney for his efforts during ten years, and especially since 1825, in improving steam-carriages, so as to overcome all the obstacles presented to their travelling on the common public roads with passengers or goods. He asserts that such carriages would not injure

* "Oh! ye who are the shepherds of his fold,—
On whose example faith and works depend;
Your hands, like His, should grasp not after gold,—
He never sought reward from foe or friend!
Ye preach his Gospel! whose benignant end
Is peace, and charity to all mankind!
He kept no grinding factor, to contend
In sanctioned law-suits—looking mercy blind—
Like the base Gaul, whose sword the doubtful scale in-
clined.

And you, in clothing which I will not name;
Who prowl amongst His flock yourselves to keep;
Full oft, your actions bring his Word to shame
With seething fools, and make Religion weep!
'Twas His, through all His pilgrimage, to steep
The bleeding heart, wherever it was found!
Your feet the boundaries of His fold o'erleap;
And, while the flock defenceless roam around,
Ye seize the easy prey, inflicting many a wound.

Was He ambitious of what men call great?
He served the board, and bathed His followers' feet;
He had no palace, graced in pompous state;
Nor sighed for greetings in the public street:
His prayers were brief in holiness! and meet
To reach the ear of Heaven's eternal King!
For they were sacred, humble, and discreet;—
He called no sect, or partisan, to bring
A sanction to His Word, by useless cavilling.
Ye rend His Church asunder!"

roads so much as those drawn by horses—as broader wheels can be used, and the weight of the apparatus and fuel, &c. has been much reduced. The doctor is also of opinion that the machine may be so constructed as to ascend the steepest hills on most of our roads; but at any rate that horses might be put to in aid of them at places where such pulls are to be overcome. Were machinery to supersede animal draught as it exists at present, it is calculated that sufficient food for the support of eight millions of added population could be raised! The volume then alludes to Mr. Hancock's steam-carriages, about to be established between Paddington and the Bank, and other environs of London: also to Mr. Ogle's carriage, now trying experiments in the country, but which Dr. Lardner had not seen, and was therefore unable to describe with accuracy; which we regret, as, from all we ourselves know, it is certainly one of the most ingenious and promising of these rival speculations. It farther appears, that Mr. Trevithick, the original inventor of the steam-carriage, has a new and improved specimen ready to start; and that Dr. Church, of Birmingham, has actually formed a company to employ steam-coaches, &c. between Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and London. We shall see.

Of the second lecture we need say little, as it simply relates to Mr. Perkins's clever steam-gun, paddle-wheels, and other curious and remarkable inventions, exhibited at the Adelaide Rooms, and which we have already described in the *Literary Gazette*.

Oral Traditions of the Cinque Ports and their Localities, compared with Antiquarian Researches, Natural Causes, and other Effects. By Captain K. B. Martin, of the General Steam Navigation Company. 8vo. pp. 31. London, 1832. Harding; Kidd; Gilbert. An odd title-page, respecting "natural causes and other effects," opens to us a little sketch on an interesting topic, and which might be expanded into a very entertaining volume. The worthy captain treats us, however, with only a short trip, in which, shewing us the coast of the channel, he contends that it has been prodigiously changed by a great convulsion, and not by any gradual encroachment or recession of the sea. He also declares the Godwin Sands to have been in ancient times the real estate and *bona fide* domain of Earl Godwin; that ships now ride or sink where formerly men inhabited towns and walked in fields; and that, *vice versa*, men now inhabit towns and walk in fields where the waves of the ocean rolled. The speculation is amusing, and in many points very fairly sustained by data; though we must repel the argument (page 10) founded on the Roman naval vessel discovered nine or ten years ago in the bed of the river Rother, because that Roman ship was clearly proved to be an old Dutch fishing craft.

The Pilgrim of Erin, and other Poems. 12mo. pp. 120. London, 1832. Dalton. OUR Pilgrim of Erin is warm; in his principal poem patriotically—in the "other," rather too much for publication, in the amative vein.

Quinti Horatii Flacci Opera; with Annotations in English, &c. &c. By the Rev. H. Pemble, B.A. 8vo. pp. 577. London, 1832. Longman and Co.; Cadell; Baldwin; Whittaker; and many other booksellers.

THIS is the first Delphin edition of a classic we remember to have seen done with English

notes: altogether, we like it much. It is certainly true that it is rational to explain an unknown by a known language; and the editor has been much indebted to Doering for the matter he has thus given us. We have discovered some imperfections in the index; but still we do not think, were we buying a Horace, that we should prefer any copy to this, so ably edited by Mr. Pemble.

Zoleikha, a Dramatic Tale from Holy Writ. 8vo. pp. 111. London, 1832. Carpenter and Son.

Jölande, a Tale, &c. 8vo. pp. 111. London, 1832, Cadell; Edinburgh, Blackwood.

Caracalla, a Tragedy. By H. T. T. Pp. 124. London, 1832. Groombridge; Andrews.

Eura and Zephyra. With Poetical Pieces by David Booth. 8vo. pp. 120. 2d edition. London, 1832. Saunders and Otley.

A SERIES of mistakes. Let an author think for a moment on the originality, the variety, required for literary success in the present day: but self-love will hope where reason would despair.

Pincock's Goldsmith's England. Pp. 508. 23d edition, revised by W. C. Taylor, M.A. London, 1832. Whittaker.

MR. W. C. TAYLOR had little to do in revising this excellent abridgment of history; and what he has added is not so well done as the original portion. The portrait of William IV. is more like Mr. Wrench in a stage disguise.

Pincock's Catechisms: Hebrew Grammar. Third edition. 18mo. pp. 84. London, 1832. Whittaker and Co.

As far as it goes, a useful, and, generally speaking, accurate compend of Hebrew grammar, though containing some rather important errors for which the compiler must be held responsible (e.g. gr. pp. 5, 10, 14, 17, 43, 82, &c.), and others (pp. 6, 38, 55, 58, &c.) probably to be laid to the charge of the printer: so that the scrupulous accuracy we have often insisted on as so essential in all elementary works, cannot be claimed by this publication. It, however, performs creditably all that may be expected from such a *précis*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR SEPTEMBER. 22^d 13^h 39^m—the autumnal equinox.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ First Quarter in Ophiuchus ..	1	13	30
☾ Full Moon in Aquarius	9	17	33
☾ Last Quarter in Taurus	17	1	43
☾ New Moon in Virgo	23	19	8

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Uranus in Capricornus	7	2	0
Jupiter in Pisces	10	6	50
Mars in Taurus	15	10	51
Mercury in Leo	22	11	38
Saturn in Leo	23	0	15
Venus in Virgo	25	1	2

1^d—Mercury at his greatest south latitude. 2^d—in conjunction with Venus. 5^d—with Saturn. 8^d 14^h—inferior conjunction with the Sun. 17^d—in stationary near c Leonis. 20^d—ascending node. 24^d—greatest elongation (17° 52') as a morning star. 25^d—perihelion. 29^d 2^h—in conjunction with Saturn: difference in declination 9'.

Venus is too near the Sun to be conspicuous as an evening star. 11^d 23^h—in conjunction with ♍ Virginis: difference of latitude 10'.

30^d—Mars approaching the Hyades. 25^d—Vesta and Juno in conjunction south

of ♈ and east of ♎ Virginis: difference of declination about 1°. 17^d—Pallas in opposition north of 27 Piscium. 17^d—Ceres 4° north-east of Menkar in Cetus.

16^d 2^h—Jupiter in opposition near 20 Piscium and the asteroid Pallas.

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, immersion ..	6	12	50	19
	13	14	45	13
	15	9	13	56
emersion	22	13	21	45
	24	7	50	35
	29	15	16	36
Second Satellite, immersion ..	3	13	13	42
	10	15	49	40
emersion	21	10	25	42
	28	13	1	12
Third Satellite, immersion ..	6	10	40	38
	13	14	42	24
Fourth Satellite	15	13	41	0

10^d 17^h—Saturn in conjunction with the Sun. 5^d—major axis of the ring 36° 77'; minor axis 0° 91. 29^d—major axis of the ring 36° 91'; minor axis 0° 03. 30^d 6^h—the Earth will be in the plane of the ring, which then presenting only its edge, will disappear on account of its thinness, excepting to the most powerful instruments. Owing to the close proximity of the planet to the Sun, the interesting phenomena attending the disappearance will not be visible. The ring will re-appear on the third of the following December.

1^d—Uranus about half a degree north of Capricorn.

Deftord.

J. T. BARKER.

NEW PATENTS

Granted by his Majesty for Inventions.—Sealed, 1832.

To Benjamin Cook, of Birmingham, for an improvement in the application of a material hitherto unused in the manufacture of paints, varnishes, and for various other purposes.

To Peter Young, of Fenchurch Street, in consequence of a communication made to him by a foreigner residing abroad, for a new mode of manufacturing mangel-wurzel, for the purpose of producing certain known articles of commerce.

To Thomas Gaunt, of Islington, for a certain improvement or improvements in gaiters or spatter-dashes.

To Joshua Taylor Beale, of Whitechapel, for certain improvements in steam-engines.

To John Howard Kyan, of Euston Square, for a new mode of preserving certain vegetable substances from decay.

To John Bate, of the Poultry, for an improvement or improvements on machinery, applicable to the imitation of medals, sculpture, and other works of art, executed in relief.

To Alexander Beattie Shankland, of London, in consequence of a communication made to him by a foreigner residing abroad, for a new method of spinning flax and hemp by means of machinery.

To John Demeur, of Water Lane, for a manufacture in the extraction of oleaginous matter from a certain foreign vegetable kernel, and the application of the said oleaginous matter to the making of oil, candles, soap, and other articles of commerce; a part of which invention has been communicated to him by a foreigner residing abroad.

To John James Clark and John Nash, of Market Raven, Lincoln, and John Longbottom, of Leeds, for certain improvements in the machinery and process used in the manufacture of tiles, bricks, bread, biscuits, and other articles formed of plastic materials, a part of which improvements is applicable to other purposes.

To Benjamin Cook, of Birmingham, for an improved method of manufacturing various useful articles from a metal not hitherto used for that purpose.

To Richard Roberts, of Manchester, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in steam-engines, and also in the mechanism through which the elastic force of steam is made to give impulse and to regulate the speed of locomotive carriages.

To John George Edwards, of Birmingham, for a philosophical alphabet, arrangement of letters, forms, or figures, by which the articulate sounds of languages may be scientifically denoted.

To Robert Montgomery, of Johnstone, Renfrewshire, for a machine for a new mode of spinning cotton, silk, flax, and other fibrous substances, communicated to him by a certain foreigner.

To Sir Charles Webb Dance, of Hertsbourne, Hertford, for certain improvements in steam-boilers.

To John Holt, the younger, of Whitby, York, for the application of a mode or process for preparing and manufacturing certain fibrous substances.

To Charles Axon, of Heaton Norris, Lancaster, for a certain improvement in the machines called threeds and

doubing-frames, made from cotton, silk, linen, woollen, or other fibrous substances.

To George Goodlet, of Leith, for a new method of preparing rough meal from ground wheat or other grain, previous to their being dressed for flour; also rough meal from ground barley, malt, or other grain, previous to their being put into the mash-tub for brewing or distilling.

To Robert James Hendrie, of Shoreditch, for an economical mode of improving dyed silk.

To John Heathcoat, of Tiverton, Devon, Esq., for certain new or improved methods of draining of and cultivating land, and new or improved machinery and apparatus applicable thereto, which machinery and apparatus may be applied to divers other useful purposes.

To Charles Augustin Busby, of the Wick Road, near Brightonstone, for an improved method of producing the circulation of fluids through pipes, cisterns, or other vessels, applicable to warming or cooling the interior of buildings, and to other purposes.

To Grant Preston, of the Minors, for an improvement or improvements in ships' compasses.

To Frederick Steiner, of Church, near Blackburn, in consequence of a communication from a foreigner residing abroad, for an invention of a certain process or processes by which spent madder or madders, that have been previously used, can be made to yield a great quantity of colouring matter, and for dyeing with the same in various colours all descriptions of cotton, linen, wool, silk, or any mixture of them; and also for improving for dyeing madders that have not been previously used.

To William Hubie, of York, for an improved mangle.

To Joseph Alexander Taylor, of George Street, Hanover Square, for an improved whistpick or cane, to be used when riding.

To John Sylvester, of Great Russell Street, for certain improvements in apparatus for raising the temperature of air to warm and ventilate buildings.

To Hugh Bolton, of Sharpley, in the parish of Bolton le Moors, for an improvement in the machinery used for carding cotton and other fibrous materials.

To Jacob Perkins, of Fleet Street, for certain improvements in blowing and exhausting air applicable to various purposes.

To George Lowe, of Brick Lane, Old Street, for his invention for increasing the illuminating power of such coal gas as is usually produced in gas works; also for converting the refuse products from the manufacture of coal gas, as is usually produced in gas-works, into an article of commerce not heretofore produced therefrom; and also for a new mode of conducting the process of condensation in the manufacture of gas for illumination.

To William Brown, of Liverpool, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, for certain improvements on steam-engines.

To Harriot Grant Gillet, of Birmingham, in consequence of a communication made to her late husband by a certain foreigner residing abroad, of a new or improved machine or instrument to measure, beat, and give the accents in all the different moods of time, with any degree of velocity required, applicable to the teaching of music.

To Edward Garsed, of Homerton, and Alfred Robinson, of Mile End, for certain improvements in apparatus for heating, warming, and ventilating drying houses, rooms, buildings, ships, and mines.

To Frederick William Isaac, of Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, for certain improvements in ornamenting the finger-keys and other parts of pianofortes, organs, and other musical instruments.

To James Macdonald, of the University Club House, Pall Mall East, that in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, he is in possession of an invention of an improved construction of railways.

To Alexander Beattie Shankland, of Liverpool Street, that he has lately had communicated to him by a foreigner residing abroad a new method of spinning wool.

To William Daubney Holmes, of St. John's Square, for a new method of heating houses and other buildings, and of applying heat to various manufactures and other purposes.

To Thomas and Robert Wedlake, of Hornchurch, Essex, for certain improvements in ploughs, particularly the shares applicable to the same and other ploughs.

To Robert Hicks, of Wimpole Street, for an improved method of an apparatus for baking bread.

To William Hodge, of Margaret Place, Dover Road, for certain improvements in apparatus for dyeing hats.

To Joshua Wordsworth, of Leeds, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing, drawing, roving, and spinning flax, hemp, wool, and other fibrous materials.

To Miles Berry, of Chancery Lane, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, for certain improvements in the construction of presses applicable to various purposes.

Newton and Berry.

NEW ANALYSIS OF SOLAR LIGHT.

Dr. Brewster, to whom the science of optics has been so much indebted, lately published further experiments to prove the inability of the prism to analyse light, and the division of the spectrum into three spectra of different colours, red, yellow, and blue. The results of this investigation are stated in the following propositions:—

1. White light consists of three simple colours, red, yellow, and blue, by the mixture of which all other colours are formed.

2. The solar spectrum, whether formed by prisms of transparent bodies, or by grooves in metallic and transparent surfaces, consists of three spectra of equal length, beginning and terminating at the same points, viz. a red spectrum, a yellow spectrum, and a blue spectrum.

3. All the colours in the solar spectrum are compound colours, each of them consisting of red, yellow, and blue light, in different proportions.

4. A certain quantity of white light, incapable of being decomposed by the prism, in consequence of all its component rays having the same refrangibility, exists at every point of the spectrum, and may at some points be exhibited in an insulated state.

Phrenologists had accounted for the insensibility of certain eyes to particular colours, by a supposed want of, or disease in, the organ of colour; but Dr. B. says, that in the case of eyes blind to red light, blue and yellow are the only colours recognised, and they are, abstracting the red, the two remaining colours of the spectrum. To such eyes light is always seen in the red space; but this arises from the eye being sensible to the yellow and blue rays which are mixed with the red light. Hence blue light will be seen in the place of the violet, and a greenish yellow will appear in the orange and red spaces; or, which is the same thing, the spectrum will consist only of the yellow and blue spectra.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Portraits of the principal Female Characters in the Waverley Novels. Part I. With illustrative Letter-press. London, 1832. Chapman and Hill; Moon, Boys, and Graves; Fraser.

IN our No. 813, we noticed two of the portraits which, together with two others, Flora Mac Ivor, by A. Chalon, and Rose Bradwardine, by C. R. Leslie, form this number. Both the novelties are beautiful specimens of the chalk style of engraving, and do much credit to Mr. H. Robinson and Mr. Mote, with whose productions we hope to become better acquainted than we are at present. In Flora, Mr. Chalon has shewn a fine sense of the exalted female character; and Leslie's Rose, with some quaintness, is as lovely a flower as artist could imagine.

Engravings from the Works of the late Henry Liversage. By S. Cousins, J. Bromley, W. Giller, J. P. Quilley, W. Ward, &c. Part I. London, 1832. Moon, Boys, and Graves; Manchester, Grundy.

THIS most promising artist was cut off in the blossoming of his fame, leaving behind him but few memorials of his great talent. But these, we rejoice to see, are in the course of being preserved, and made generally known, by means of engravings worthy of the ability and skill displayed in the originals. This first fasciculus contains the Weekly Register, by W. Giller,—a cobbler reading the paper; Capt. Macheath, by W. Ward; and the Inquiry,—a boy asking at a door where he is to leave some game, by J. P. Quilley. Mezzotinto could not go farther in giving the full force and character of these very clever pieces, than which nothing in familiar life can be more true to nature. We believe the whole number of pictures will not amount to thirty; and if executed with equal

care and spirit, the volume will be a perfect treat to the collector, and better than a marble tomb to poor Liversage, who died at the early age of about twenty-six years.

Scraps and Sketches. By George Cruikshank. Part IV. Robins and Co.

THE pencil of G. Cruikshank always affords us as much to point a moral as to raise a laugh. The Lively Pleasure-boat, with its very sick party—the Cigar-divan, with its apes of dandies—the Devil's Frying-pan of annual Amusements—and a whole series of Tails, are as instructive, from their satire upon folly and vice, as they are amusing from their eccentricity and talent. The fancy of the artist seems to be inexhaustible: he is the Hogarth of his class, if indeed he be not *sui generis*, and a class by himself. Any person might wait an hour for dinner, in perfect good temper, with this one Part in the drawing-room.

Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures, selected from the splendid Collections of Art, public and private, which adorn Great Britain; with historical and critical Descriptions and Dissertations. By Allan Cunningham. No. I. London, J. Major.

ENGRAVINGS from Titian, Guercino, and Gainsborough, are the subjects of this No. I. of a new, and, if executed in a superior style, excellent design; but as we have not derived the satisfaction, either from the artists or from the literary matter, which we had a right to expect, we shall for the present abstain from criticism; and bid all concerned improve upon their beginning, if they look for that success which such an undertaking needs to support it, either in cash or character.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations to Murray's Edition of the Life and Works of Lord Byron.

Part VI. London, 1832. Murray; Tilt. WE always come to this work with a full assurance of the excellence we shall find in its subjects, and we have little more to do than to name them as a bill of fare, that our readers may be aware of the treat that awaits them. And first we have the portrait of the Right Hon. Anne Isabella Lady Noel Byron, which in its character has much of *Il Penseroso*: it is beautifully engraved, after Newton, by W. H. Mote. This is finely contrasted by "the Maid of Saragoza," engraved by W. Finden, from a drawing by F. Stone: all here is ardour and animation, and speaks some desperate resolve. The vignettes give us Newstead Abbey, the Fountain at Newstead, and Hucknall church, Nottinghamshire. These are after drawings by W. Westall, A.R.A.; followed by Malta, after J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; Lachin-y-gair, after G. Robson; and Cadiz, after a drawing by Lieutenant-colonel Battay. All of which are executed by E. Finden in the best spirit both of engraver and painter.

Perhaps we should say that this fasciculus possesses a peculiar attraction, in offering us the portrait of Lady Byron, as a part connected with "the (quare Landscape?) Illustrations" of her noble husband. It is a very intellectual head, and a countenance which one cannot look upon without wishing that its destiny had been happier. The Maid of Saragoza had the rain of country, and of every thing dear to human nature, to be consonant with her sacrifice: Lady Byron enjoyed every ingredient which might fill the cup of felicity, wealth, rank, intelligence.—Do we not, one and all of us, founder our own ventures on the sea of life? It is not the tempest, the quicksand, the lee-

shore, or the rock; but our own folly in steering the vessel, to which prosperity is the most dangerous gale, and the most trifling obstacle a wreck.

Waiting for Death; an unfinished Engraving on wood by the late T. Bewick: being his last work. London, Longman and Co.

WAS there ever such a title?—why, it beats Death's Doings out of the field; and at last we can only say, that, for a curiosity, "it is a sorry sight." As a memento of that celebrated artist's works, whose latest effort it is, it should find a place in the folio of the collector. Something allied to the High-mettled Racer, the subject is represented of a worn-out horse, in all its misery of skin and bone, exposed to the pitiless pelting of a snow-storm. The print is accompanied by some letter-press advocating the cause of humanity towards animals, better intended than expressed.

Sketches in Italy, No. XI. Drawn on stone by W. Linton.

SCENES in Pompeii, viz. the Tragic Theatre, the Basilica, the Amphitheatre, the Forum and Temple of Jupiter, the Forum with Vesuvius, the Temple of Isis, the Street of Tombs from the Inn, the Street of Tombs from the Tomb of Diomedes. This Number places before our view these most interesting and celebrated ruins, where the vast and the magnificent of past ages fill the mind with wonder and admiration at the measure and extent of such mighty plans. Nor do we think that any elaborate details would give a more complete idea of their magnitude and character than these efficient sketches of the artist.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE COVENANTER'S SON.

YOUNG Allan of the Hielands, my brother dear, is gone,
And dreary through the long, long nights I sit
and weep alone;
My fancy hears his spirit-voice within the twilight dim,
And sleep brings but an aching dream of days gone by, and him!
Of him, and of that fearful hour when from our own fire-side—
And from the Bible, where he knelt to seek his soul's true guide—
They dragg'd my brother forth to death—to death; as 'twere a crime
To worship as our fathers in the Covenanters' time!
My mother shriek'd—her wo was wild—she clasped their cruel knees;
But tears, nor yet her sad gray hairs, might plead with men like these:
They dragg'd him to the lonely moor, that dark and dreadful night,
And slew him there, amidst our cries and prayers, before our sight!
I saw him kneel in manly bloom their deadly guns before—
I clasped him in my arms a corpse, all cold and red with gore:
They left me to my misery—like slaves of guilt they fled,
With the curse of Heaven and the brand of Cain upon their head.
My mother, like one half-deranged, lay moaning wild and deep,
And gazing on the corpse—that gaze had made a fiend to weep!

I would have whisper'd comfort, had not anguish chok'd my breath;
I would have pray'd, but all my words burst forth in shrieks of death.

We buried him in secret, and in secret wept him dead;

But from that night my mother pined, and never left her bed:

I toil for food from morn to eve, and soothe her as I may:—

But what can heal the broken heart, recall the mind's lost ray?

And *he*, the truest, best of friends, young Bruce of Ronadell,

Hath sued me to become his bride—and, oh! I love him well:

But never will I quit thy side—no, no! my mother dear—

Though he should choose some lovelier bride, and leave me, leave me here!

Some happier one who loves him more—but that could never be:

Oh, if—if I should lose my love, my mother dear, for thee—

If coldly he should turn away, and other maiden wed—

Then, mother, let me die with thee—thy grave my bridal bed!

C. SWAIN.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

NOTES WESTMONASTERIENSES.—NO. II.

"Come like shadows, so depart."

LET my reader, if he can, imagine the feelings which crowded themselves upon my mind. Time seemed to be annihilated, and ages and centuries contracted to a span. The vastness of the abbey was illuminated by a clear silvery and supernatural light, that seemed not to proceed from any determinate luminary, but was generally diffused throughout, penetrating into every niche and crevice, and displaying every form in bold and strong relief. My eyes wandered from one shape to another, as they glided past me with all the lineaments and energetic action of life, each one habited in the costume of the period in which he lived. It seemed an unearthly masquerade, and struck me with unspeakable awe. The Catholic abbot of the twelfth century and the Protestant dean of the nineteenth might be seen in amicable converse; and the mailed knight of Edward the Third discussing some point of military tactics with the general of George the Fourth. For several minutes I was struck dumb with amazement. Was I dreaming? Was I entranced? No. What could it be? I seemed encompassed by some mighty spell. Garrick waited till I had in some degree recovered from my astonishment, then, turning towards me, said, "I see, sir, you appear somewhat surprised at beholding so numerous and so strange an assemblage here to-night; but, as I said before, I will initiate you into our mysteries, and will likewise introduce you to a few friends; so come, and while we are making our way out of the chancel, I will explain every thing; and I think I can promise you some amusement, as well as instruction, in the conversation of men with whose deeds and fame you are perhaps well acquainted, though not with themselves."

I stammered forth my thanks, and followed my kind conductor into the nave of the cathedral. As we proceeded, I ventured to ask him how it was that he and so many of the illustrious dead were still wandering on earth, and whether they were doing penance? "I do not know," he replied, "whether I may be permitted to reveal all the secrets of our exist-

ence after we have passed the inevitable goal; but I may satisfy you in this point, that we, whom you see here assembled worshipping our Creator in a terrestrial temple, are neither excluded from the mansions of the blest, nor are

'Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in our days of nature
Are burnt and purged away.'

Besides, you are not to consider that we are prisoners in Paradise. The whole universe is our heaven, or, to invert the words of Milton's Satan—

'Which way we fly is heaven, ourselves are heaven.'

We can, at a thought, transport ourselves to any point of the creation to which our wishes may direct us; and very often do we visit those scenes which our past recollections have endeared to us. We are seldom absent from the sides of our living friends. I have been many times near you when you would least have suspected it." "Indeed!" I exclaimed in the utmost astonishment; "when and where? and why could I not see you then as now?" "Nay, my good friend," said Garrick; "one question at a time, if you please; for, privileged as we immortals are, we are not able to answer a dozen queries at once." "I beg pardon; I—

"No apologies, Mr. —. Come, take my arm and—" This mentioning my name, and moreover inviting me to take his arm, completely overset my already bewildered senses. To be sure I could in some degree account for his knowledge of my name, from his having said that he had often been with me; but to ask me to take his arm—the arm of a ghost—of an unsubstantial shadow—this was really too much. I began to think that my good friend, Mr. Garrick, was drawing too largely on my credulity, and with difficulty suppressing a smile, I contrived to stammer forth, "Your arm, sir? take your arm?" "Yes, sir! take my arm!" replied he seriously, and apparently wondering at my hesitation. "What! the arm of a ghost?" "Oh! ay, I forgot,—I should have told you before. I, however, beg now to inform you, that, at this present moment at least, I am no more a ghost than yourself. And to prove that, look at my shadow on the pavement; I am much mistaken if you do not find it as strongly defined as your own." I looked, and it was as he said! "And," continued he, "if you can overcome your reluctance to take the arm of a ghost, as you are pleased to think me, you will have still farther evidence of my substantiality. Come, come now, take it, while I proceed to initiate you."

I obeyed him in silent amazement, which was by no means lessened at finding that his limb was quite as solid as my own; nay, farther, I could feel the texture of the cloth of which his dress was composed: and, moreover, as if no proof was to be wanting to dispel any little lingering cloud of scepticism in my mind, at a sudden turn that he made, his sword (which he wore in accordance with the fashion of his day) got between my legs, and nearly threw us both down. On our recovering our perpendicularity, "There now," said he, laughing, "I hope that is enough to convince you." "Indeed it is," I said; "but pray explain to me this crowd of wonders which rush upon me, the one treading on the heels of the other." "I was about to explain," answered he, "when your hesitation interrupted me. But to proceed.—You must know then, in the first place, that we can assume a material body at pleasure, which, however, is always invisible to every one who has not undergone a certain probation. Yourself and another are the only mortals who have

become so qualified. That other one was Antonio Verri, who became acquainted with all the ancient Romans at the tomb of the Scipios, but who has, in his book, so labelled some of them, and the celebrated Lucretia in particular, that, as a friend, I would advise him to keep out of the way of Collatinus. I hope you, Mr. — will take warning." "I hope, Mr. Garrick, that you can rely upon my honour? But tell me what is the nature of this probation?" "Nay, excuse me there. Were I to tell you, and you were to divulge it, the whole world would flock hither, and our old abbey would become by far the most popular place of resort in London. Why, we should be obliged to restrict ourselves to the precincts of Paradise, in order to avoid the pestering of your fellow-mortals. This, therefore, I shall not tell you, and you must be content to remain in the dark. You should be satisfied with possessing one of the highest privileges that can be conferred on a living mortal. You will become acquainted with the great and good of every past age and of every country." "What!" said I, "shall I see Homer and?" "Yes," said Garrick, "and, by the way, yonder he is, in conversation with Milton and Dante." "Do you all then regularly assemble here?" "That rests entirely with ourselves. We all have our favourite haunts, but we generally congregate in some Christian cathedral, particularly on festivals such as the present, when we employ ourselves in acts of adoration, and afterwards spend our time in agreeable intercourse and conversation." "What!" I asked, "do Catholics, Protestants, and Heathens, all worship here together?" "Sir," said Garrick sternly, "there are no sects in heaven: death opens all our eyes, and we are but of one faith; had you come into the chancel sooner, you would have seen Socrates, Moses, Cardinal Wolsey, and Dr. Watts, kneeling together at the altar, and at a short distance from them Leo X. and John Calvin." "I have one question more to put to you, Mr. Garrick; I trust you will not be annoyed with my curiosity, as you must be aware of the novelty of my situation, and the strangeness of all that you have just related to me. What I wish to know is this, you said you have often been near me—when? and where?" "Why, let me see, the last time was in Covent Garden Theatre, when you went to see the Hunchback. Shakespeare and myself had, after considerable waste of eloquence, succeeded in persuading Euripides and his worshipper Racine to enter a barbarous theatre, as they uncivilly term it. We sat in the next box to you." "In the next box! and Euripides and Shakespeare, how I wish I could have seen you! But how could Euripides understand English?" "Oh, my dear sir, we understand every language in Paradise." "And how did they like Mr. Knowles' play?" "Why at first they were much annoyed at what they called the criminal violation of the unities of time and place; but, however, the splendid acting of Miss Kemble soon overthrew all their objections. You will see them presently, as we had appointed to meet here to-night. Shakespeare has been present at the performance of the Hunchback on several occasions. He is a very great admirer of Sheridan Knowles; and, to confess the truth, so am I myself. Our great bard is highly indignant at the slight degree of encouragement which the drama meets with in the present age, and more especially with the apparent want of original genius. He vehemently denounces the custom you have fallen into of borrowing

and adapting your pieces from the French. But see, here he comes, in earnest conversation with Marlow. You will need no formal introduction, as he knows you very well. In fact every one here knows you, for our recognition of a stranger is instantaneous." Shakespeare—"Well, David, so you have got our friend, Master — with you; I am right glad to see him. I bid you welcome, sir," he continued, turning towards me, and extending his right hand in the most amicable manner. As may be supposed, I pounced on it as an eagle on his prey. To clasp in my hand that of Shakespeare, of him that had held "the mirror up to nature," was an honour not to be too lightly estimated. I threw myself at his feet, and with high and proud devotion pressed his fingers to my lips; I seemed to drink inspiration from the contact. I would have addressed him, and poured out my whole soul in admiration, but my tongue refused obedience to my wish—I was mute—I raised my eyes towards his face, and the mild look of benignity which graced his ample alabaster brow, shaded with dark brown hair, flowing in graceful ringlets on his neck and shoulders, penetrated to my inmost heart. I was in an ecstasy; I saw and touched the greatest genius that the world ever beheld! Was I not to be envied?—He raised me from my knees, saying, "Nay, good Master —, within this holy temple no knee bows to fellow-man. I have marked the homage thou hast ever done at my monument, and also thy love for the poor plays that I have written; and much have I been gratified therewith. Nay, rise, I tell thee else I shall be wroth, which I would not desire to be. See, here come our friends Calderon and Schiller." These two great poets now approached, I was immediately presented to them by my kind friend Garrick, who appeared to be on the very best terms with both. We then entered into an animated conversation on dramatic subjects; but this I must reserve for my next paper. O. C. W.

DRAMA.

STRAND THEATRE.

A MOST ludicrous and laughable little piece has been produced here, called *Cork Legs*; and such legs they are as are sure of a run beyond what any cork legs ever had before. We should not wonder if they beat Mynheer Von Wooden-block, the famous Dutch merchant, whose artificial pin ran away with him over the whole world, and is still, we believe, pegging on with his skeleton in a perpetual motion. As a composition, there is certainly nothing in this farcical affair upon which we can compliment the author; but we may say he has displayed, throughout, a very good understanding. This little theatre has been threatened with prosecution, for swindling the regular or *legitimate* drama; and now it has, we fear, given more ground than ever for conviction. That the principal performers are all *Legs*, can be proven against them; and therefore it is most likely that they will be taught to know what limbo is. In the meantime, they are funny fellows, men and women of them; their corks are sure to draw; and we could say no more in praise of the legs if we wore our pen to a stump.

VARIETIES.

Vesuvius.—The eruption began on the 23d of July with a discharge of liquid volcanic matter, and flames and stones were thrown up, the latter with great violence, to the 29th. On

that day it raged still more fiercely; the stones were projected half a mile into the air, and fell back in showers over all the crater, which was by this time enlarged to 250 feet. In the evening the lava ran down in thirteen small streams. On the 24th there was a dreadful storm and hurricane, which did great injury to the city of Foggia, and threw down several buildings.

Comet.—Professor Harding, of Göttingen, has, it is stated in the German papers, discovered (July 29) a new comet in the head of the Serpent. It has no train, and the light is feeble. Its direction appeared to be towards the south-east.

Fine Paintings.—In Mr. Erard's collection, for sale at Paris, there are said to be several *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Italian masters; and we see particularised Four Seasons by Albano, a Death of Christ by Aug. Carracci, four Correggios, Christ in the tomb by Raphael; besides Rubens', G. Dows, Teniers', Jansteens, Ostades, Wouvermans', &c. and a remarkable Vandyck, "the Kiss of Judas."

M. de Gentz, the celebrated and highly esteemed publicist, died recently at Vienna, aged 68. His works display great intelligence, acumen, and research.

"Death's shafts fly thick."—The death of Baron Portal, aged 91, makes the fifth of professors of the College of France within the short space of three months, viz. the Baron, Cuvier, Rémusat, Champollion, and Thurot. M. Stanislas Julien, author of the Latin translation of the Meng-Tsu, has been elected the successor to Rémusat.

Sir Walter Scott.—There is a gossip about of two late productions for the press by Sir Walter Scott; one called the *Siege of Malta*, the other a Calabrese story entitled *Bizarro*: but we trust they will never, if recently written, see the light. Sir Walter's Diary (which he kept regularly) and Correspondence, through a life which has connected him with the most distinguished men of every class in Europe, may, indeed, be a publication of unbounded interest, and worthy of his character.

The Scottish Thistle.—This ancient emblem of Scots pugnacity, with its motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, is represented of various species in royal bearings, coins, and coats of armour; so that there is some difficulty in saying which is the genuine original thistle. The origin of the national badge itself is thus handed down by tradition:—When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwelcome to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superbly prickly thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

Shining Talent wanted.—In the *Times* of Thursday we observe an advertisement for "a person of respectability and shining talent, to purchase for and assist in walking the shop of one of the most extensive and respectable retail linen-drapery establishments in the metropolis!" What next?

The Regenerator, or Guide to Happiness, No. 1, by Mr. Henry Berthold, is another penny apparition, and of the most violent description. It calls William Gueff, i. e. the King of Hanover and England, a "head traitor;" but seems

rather to proceed from a bewildered imagination than from a rational mind.

First half-yearly part of Asmodeus. Cowie. —Collected into a small volume, this weekly cuts a good figure with its cuts, both graphic and literary. It has many caustic and clever things; and is so republican, that it may fairly be called revolutionary.

The Penny National Library.—Nos. I. of English history, of geography, of law, of grammar and dictionary, of ancient history, and of universal biography—six in all—have just reached us, each eight pages of double columns, and in a wrapper of coloured paper. We have not had time to examine their merits; but may surely say, that this wholesale retail of knowledge is becoming a still more curious phenomenon in our literary history.

Ancient Literature.—The Academy Pontoniana, at Naples, has proposed "a collection of all the inscriptions hitherto known in the Oscan and Samnitic languages, and of all the passages in ancient writers in which these idioms are mentioned, with critical remarks on the same."—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, just published.

M. Audubon.—The American journals state, that M. Audubon, the assiduous ornithologist, has returned to Charleston, with the fruits of a tedious but productive tour through the Florida Keys.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Burnett, late general Superintendent of Agriculture to the Australian Agricultural Company, is about to publish a work on the practical husbandry, statistics, present state of society, &c. in New South Wales.

Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to Dover and its Vicinity, with engravings by G. W. Bonner.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. XXXIV. Treatise on Chemistry, 1 vol. fcp. 6s. cloth.—Gallery of Society of Painters in Water-Colours, No. IV. Prints, 10s. 6d. Proofs, 12s. India proofs, 21s. Proofs before letters, 12s. 6d.—Horn's Sermons on various Subjects, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Maitland's History of Noah's Day, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Wilson's Life of Peter Houghton, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Swallow Barn, 4 vols. 12mo. 20s. 10s.—Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. V. Popular Tales, Vol. II. fcp. 2s. cloth.—Bridge on the Singleness of Sin, 32mo. 1s. bds.—Grove's Journal of a Residence at Bagdad during 1830-31, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Example, or Family Scenes, fcp. 3s. bds.—Rambold's Midwifery, Part II. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Prater on the Blood, 8vo. 10s. bds.—M'Farlane's Surgical Reports, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Clement's Observations in Surgery, &c. 8vo. 8s. bds.—Valpy's Classical Library, Vol. XXXIII.; Sophocles. 4s. 6d. cloth.—Plain Sermons, by a Country Clergyman, Vol. II. 12mo. 5s. bds.—Girdlestone's Twenty Parochial Sermons, 2d Series, 12mo. 2s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1832.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 23	From 47. to 63.	29.77 to 29.85
Friday... 24	43. " 67.	29.93 " 29.99
Saturday... 25	47. " 65.	29.89 " 29.78
Sunday... 26	43. " 61.	29.76 " 29.69
Monday... 27	39. " 61.	29.72 " 29.62
Tuesday... 28	41. " 59.	29.26 " 29.18
Wednesday 29	43. " 57.	29.28 " 29.35

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.
A very dull, wet week; rain every day except the 24th; the last three days unseasonably cold.
Rain fallen, .95 of an inch.

During the past week the barometer has made rather a rapid fall. On the 28th inst. it was lower than it has been at any period since the 2d of February last.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude 53° 37' 33" N.
Longitude 0° 35' 1 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our notice of the monopoly of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, having, we perceive, excited very general attention to that subject, we shall resume our observations upon it; and, in the meantime, thank our correspondents at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Brighton, and other important places, as well as many in London, for the communications with which they have favoured us. We shall give the whole our best consideration.

ERRATUM.—In Mr. Swain's poem on the "British Bow," in our No. 813, third verse, for "bombs" read "barts."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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